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JULY, 1913
VOL. XVIII. NO. 149

THE THEATRE

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in "The Poor Little Rich Girl"

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SUBSCRIPTION: Yearly subscription, in advance, $3.50 Foreign countries, add $1.00 for mail Canada, add 85c Single copies, 35 cents

LONDON: On sale at Daw's Steamship Agency, 17 Green St., Leicester Sq. BOSTON CHICAGO PHILADELPHIA PARIS: 99 Rue des Petits Champs

Published Monthly by

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE COMPANY, Telephone 6486 Greeley 8-10-12-14 West 38th Street, New York City

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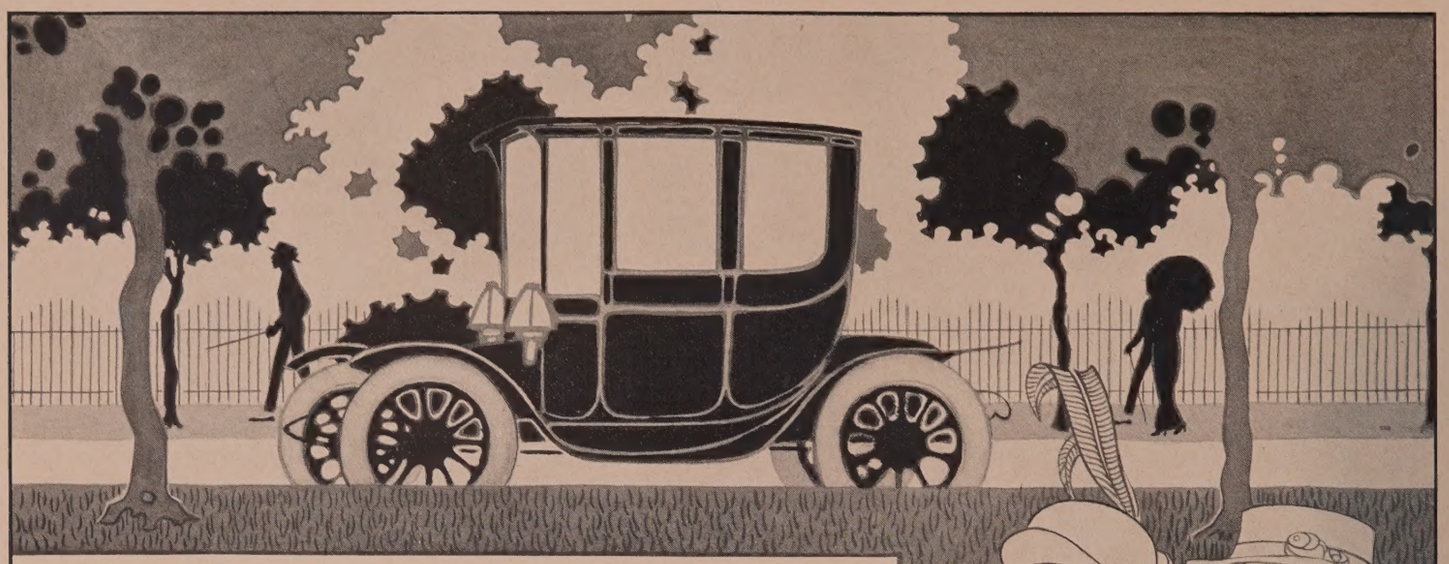
ENTERED AT POST OFFICE, NEW YORK, AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER



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THE THEATRE

VOL. XVIII JULY, 1913 No. 149

Published by The Theatre Magazine Co., Henry Stern, Pres., Louis Meyer, Treas., Paul Meyer, Sec'y; 8-10-12-14 West Thirty-eighth Street, New York City

Photo Schneider

ANNA PAVLOWA IN "THE PASSING OF THE SWAN"

This famous Russian dancer will return to this country next season for a flying tour of the principal cities of the United States and Canada. It is said that Pavlowa's appearance here will be her last in America. In the above photograph she is shown in a new dance which will be in her repertoire when she opens in New York in October

White Viola Gillette Anna Wheaton Louise Barthel Nina Napier

SCENE IN ACT I OF THE REVIVAL OF GILBERT AND SULLIVAN'S OPERETTA, "IOLANTHE"

Plays and Players

THE rumor that several of the older New York theatres will be abandoned next season, as far as the legitimate drama is concerned, and given up to moving pictures, will surprise no one. The old-fashioned theatre, with its huge stage, cavernous-like auditorium, bad acoustics, is rapidly becoming an institution of the past. The tendency among modern theatre-builders to erect small houses is growing more apparent every day. The popularity of the intimate theatre is a benefit to playwrights in that these theatres are specially adapted to plays that would fail of their full effect in larger houses of the more commercial kind. The tendency of the day is toward more artistic plays. The play itself need not be small in idea, nor need the casts be so reduced that a considerable number of people cannot be employed. A play of magnitude, in many ways, could be performed in the small theatre, but not of great magnitude in externals. It is plain that the matter of suitability as between the large theatre and the small one will adjust itself. No hard and fast rule can well be established. A notable tendency of the small theatre will be to break down some of the conventionalities. Thus, the two-act play will not be a lost possibility, and the one-act play will not be negligible in a bill of entertainment. The smaller the theatre the larger the prices perhaps, but even so, the commercial spirit cannot profit in small houses, and of necessity the artistic must rule. It is more a question of tendency than it is one of the measurement of a theatre or play. As it is, and has been, there are houses of various capacities, and no manager would think of putting certain plays in the cavernous depths of the Grand Opera House or the Academy of Music. No, the little theatres are of a benefit to plays, and consequently to playwrights. It gives wider opportunities and serves the public at the same time.

Photo Hall

LEW FIELDS
As Jan Van Haan in "All Aboard" at the Forty-fourth Street Roof Garden

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The establishment of the Princess Theatre and the revived interest in the one-act play open up a field exceptionally fruitful for the new dramatist, and one of unusual interest to the theatre-goer. Many attempts have been made to entertain the public with one-act plays as a regular bill, but the efforts have been sporadic, ill advised as to the choice of house, and marked with every appearance of the experimental. The Princess began with a house of its own and with a definite policy, and perhaps with resources of the kind of plays wanted to carry out that policy. In this way the first bill of plays had nothing experimental about them, for they were impressive and successful from the opening night. Whatever they may be of the experimental in the venture, we take it, will gradually be reduced to certainty. Next season the management will feel its way to sure ground. The first announcement, that the plays were to be of a kind that only men and women of the world experienced in the warfare of sex, if we may so describe the idea, would be asked to see, has been modified to some extent. If the Princess presents only such plays as are artistically strong and virile with humanity, it will be enough. We believe such plays can be found. It is not likely that there can be any great abstract prejudice against one-act plays as such. The management of the Princess will make it their business, no doubt, to see to it that they are so interesting and so well played that such a prejudice will disappear if it does exist.

The unquestionable success that attended the production in this city recently of a play dealing most frankly with a subject usually only discussed in medical journals will doubtless encourage efforts in the same direction. The propagandist play is hardly in any sense an entertainment. Only curiosity could give it profitable audiences for a little while. No one can take pleasure in it. It is a tragedy, less in what happens in the play than in the possible tragedies that the preachments conjure up to the mind. No doubt its audiences took "Damaged Goods" seriously enough; no doubt there was a moral effect; but exactly what that effect was in all directions nobody can tell. The play stands by itself. Never before, so far as we know, has any other medical society made use of a play in organized effect for any purpose. Occasionally we have a play that is directly aimed at some wrong, some social disease, and its reform. "Justice," Galsworthy's play, might be described as one of the kind, not in itself an entertainment which

the public gladly flock to, but yet useful for the purposes of reform. The propagandist play is not for the amusement seeker. To say that the theatre is a place of amusement is not to discredit the theatre. It is also the place of enlightenment and exaltation, from which the sordid and the ugly are excluded.

That New York never does things by halves is proven alike by skyscrapers and grand opera. Not content with the acknowledged fact that the Metropolitan Opera House is supplying its patrons the very best opera in the world and is doing what scarcely any other opera house is doing, namely giving opera in four languages, not content with all this, Father Knickerbocker is to have two more opera enterprises in full blast by fall. Both of the two new enterprises are designed to furnish opera for the masses at prices one-half and one-third of the present Metropolitan maximum cost of seats.

One of these is the new opera venture of Oscar Hammerstein, who four years ago was bought out, lock, stock and barrel, by the Metropolitan directors, thus bringing to an end his dictatorship at the Manhattan Opera House. Now, chafing under the restraint of inactivity, Oscar Hammerstein has bought a plot of ground on Lexington Avenue and Fifty-first Street and will erect a big opera house, giving opera in English only at prices ranging from three dollars downward. His plans in detail have not yet been divulged; also there is some chance of litigation, as his contract with the Metropolitan directors, made at the time of his sale, precluded his giving grand opera in this city during a term of ten years from the date of the sale. But that feature does not concern us here.

The other scheme of cheap opera is being fostered by the City Club. It was born at a luncheon given at that club a year ago, when some Metropolitan opera artists discussed grand opera, and innocently gave birth to an idea of furnishing the masses of this city with opera at popular prices. For a year this plan was silently hatched and then began to take form—at first a crude and impracticable form—for it was originally planned to give eight weeks of such opera before the opening of the Metropolitan season, and eight weeks after the Metropolitan had closed. What was to become of the engaged artists between the two seasons had scarcely been worked out logically.

At this point Mr. Otto H. Kahn, chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Directors, leaped into the breach. It was settled then, that the season of "Opera for the People"—as it is called—was to be given at the Century Theatre. And, more important still, was the fact that, instead of two, brief, interrupted seasons, this opera was to run about thirty-five weeks. Scenery and costumes are going to be lent from the amassed collections of the Metropolitan Opera House, whose warehouses are bulging with unused scenery. This opera is not to be given in English alone, but in Italian, German and French also—as in opera at the Metropolitan. A fund of $450,000 is now being raised to cover the deficits of a three year run, and amounts are being pledged by individuals. The names of such donors have as yet been withheld from the public, but Mr. Edward Kellog Baird, of the City Club, is the chairman of the Opera Committee.

So, unless all signs fail, New York will have three opera companies "in its midst" next season. This is not the first time that such a glut of opera has prevailed here, for some five years ago grand opera was given at the Metropolitan, the Manhattan and the Century Theatre. There were weeks when the public was asked to hear as high as seventeen performances of opera a week. And what was the result? The Metropolitan is said to have shown a heavy loss that season; the New Theatre—now called the Century Theatre—is said to have lost at

(Continued on page xii)

Sarony

BILLIE BURKE
Recently seen as Tommy Belturbet in Pinero's comedy, "The Amazons"

Photo Bert, Paris

THE MOST RECENT PORTRAIT OF MME. RÉJANE

A Famous Actress Manager

RÉJANE has again triumphed. On the stage of her own theatre, this distinguished French actress is once more drawing all Paris to see her admirable acting of the heroine in "Alsace," the new patriotic play by MM. Gaston Leroux and Lucien Camille. The part is that of an Alsatian woman, who, after being banished for several years from her native town, returns at last to her home to find everything absolutely unchanged. In this character, so faithfully drawn, so simple and real, Réjane attains heights she has never before reached. Once more she reveals herself as a comedienne without a rival. She has surpassed in this play even her great success "La Robe Rouge." Without fear of exaggeration one may say that "Alsace," in addition to being a stirring, patriotic drama, also marks the apotheosis in the career of one of the most interesting and talented women that ever graced the French stage.

Réjane to-day is fifty-six years old. She has been on the stage since 1875, when she made her début at the Théâtre du Vaudeville, Paris. In the spring of 1872, Mr. Charles Simon introduced to Régnier, the great comedian, a young governess who wished to "go on the stage." Régnier naturally began by trying to discourage her. But she showed so firm a resistance, and so much resolution that he at last consented to accept her as *auditrice* during the last two months of the school year. Nevertheless, he made certain stipulations:

"If at the end of that lapse of time," he declared, "I see that you have no possibility of succeeding, promise me to believe what I will tell you, and to obey me. Do you give me your word of honor to do this?"

To abdicate thus the dream of one's life was nearly as cruel as to renounce it immediately. But the honored master to whom the young girl confided her fate was a perfect artist, and a scrupulously just man. Gabrielle Réju (her real name) bravely decided to incline herself to the decisive test: she promised.

Her passionate love for the stage dated from her childhood. She was born between the Porte St. Martin and the Place du Château d'Eau, 14 rue de Douai, on the 6th of June, 1856. Her first surroundings were amidst the amusing Parisian population, both artistic, careless, dexterous and gay, which formed the habitual and enthusiastic audiences of the theatres of the Boulevard du Crime. Her father, who had played in a few melodramas, and who had even directed the Grand Theatre of Arras, became ticket-taker at the Ambigu. And, enthroned behind the refreshment-bar of the *foyer* of the same theatre, her mother held dominion over some stale cakes, a few oranges and two-quart bottles of champagne. As soon as the child could walk she accompanied her parents to their work. They used to settle her in a corner of the *foyer* and whilst the chandelier shone dimly like a gigantic nightlight, she slumbered conscientiously during the long acts. It is probable, however, that her first theatrical impressions were not limited to those obscure watches.

Bert, Paris

MME. REJANE IN MAX MAUREY'S PLAY, "LA SAVELLI"

It is possible that she occasionally witnessed the representations of such thrilling plays as "La Bouquetière des Innocents," "La Poissarde," "La Tour de Londres" and "Le Juif Errant," and that she heard the well-known voices of Mélingue, Lacressonnière and Marie Laurent declaim the long dramatic tirades so in vogue at that period.

Her father died before she reached her fifth year, and for some time all the circumstances seemed to coincide to withdraw the little Gabrielle Réju away from the theatre. Her godmother, Mme. Naptal Arnauld, former *pensionnaire* of the Comédie Française, lived in Russia, where she exercised the functions of reader of the Empress. Her mother, occupied by some office work she had obtained at the Hippodrome, confided her daughter most of the time to the care of a neighbor, and later she sent her to school. Between school hours Gabrielle contributed to the earnings of the family by making fans, which brought in from two francs to two francs fifty centimes a dozen. Then the war with Prussia broke out, to be followed by the Commune, and the child participating with all her ardent soul in the struggle and vicissitudes her country was enduring, developed into a thoughtful young girl. When the tempest was past, she returned to her boarding school in the rue Pigalle and worked so seriously that the directress of the school proposed to keep her as undermistress, "at forty francs a month, luncheon included." The offer of so fine a situation tempted Mme. Réju, who accepted in her daughter's name. But the latter had quite other plans. At a friend's house, where she and her mother used to go on Sundays, she sang popular airs of the time with astonishing gaiety and naturalness. The small successes she thus obtained naturally excited her ambition. Then began the classical quarrel between mother and daughter. Mme. Réju declared that one had "no right to oblige one's mother to become the mother of an actress." This argument proved fruitless, however, as fate intervened to precipitate matters. The Réjus lived at that period at 17 rue Notre Dame de Lorette, and on the same floor as their flat dwelt a lady who knew Charles Simon, son of the *Ministre de l'Instruction Publique,* who kindly presented her to Régnier, one of the most famous masters of the period.

The little schoolmarm of the rue Pigalle first *auditrice* at Régnier's class, was received after a few months' study at the Conservatoire, and she became titulary pupil of her good master. The judgment so much apprehended, but to which she had promised to submit, was pronounced as follows: Régnier tore up the *cachets* of the private lessons which the young girl took with him, crying: "When one has the mission of forming an artistic temperament such as yours, one accepts no payment for one's advice!"

At the examination which took place at the end of the year 1873, Gabrielle Réju obtained a first accessit in "L'Intrigue Epistolaire." And we find the following appreciation of her in Sarcey's chronicles:

"She is a child seventeen years old: she has one of those witty, amusing types which, even from a distance, denote the Parisian. If she does not make her way, I shall be very much surprised."

The jury shared this opinion, and attributed to Gabrielle Réju the purse of 1,200 francs left vacant by Marie Legault, who had just been received at the Comédie Française.

The second year at the Conservatoire passed happily. The

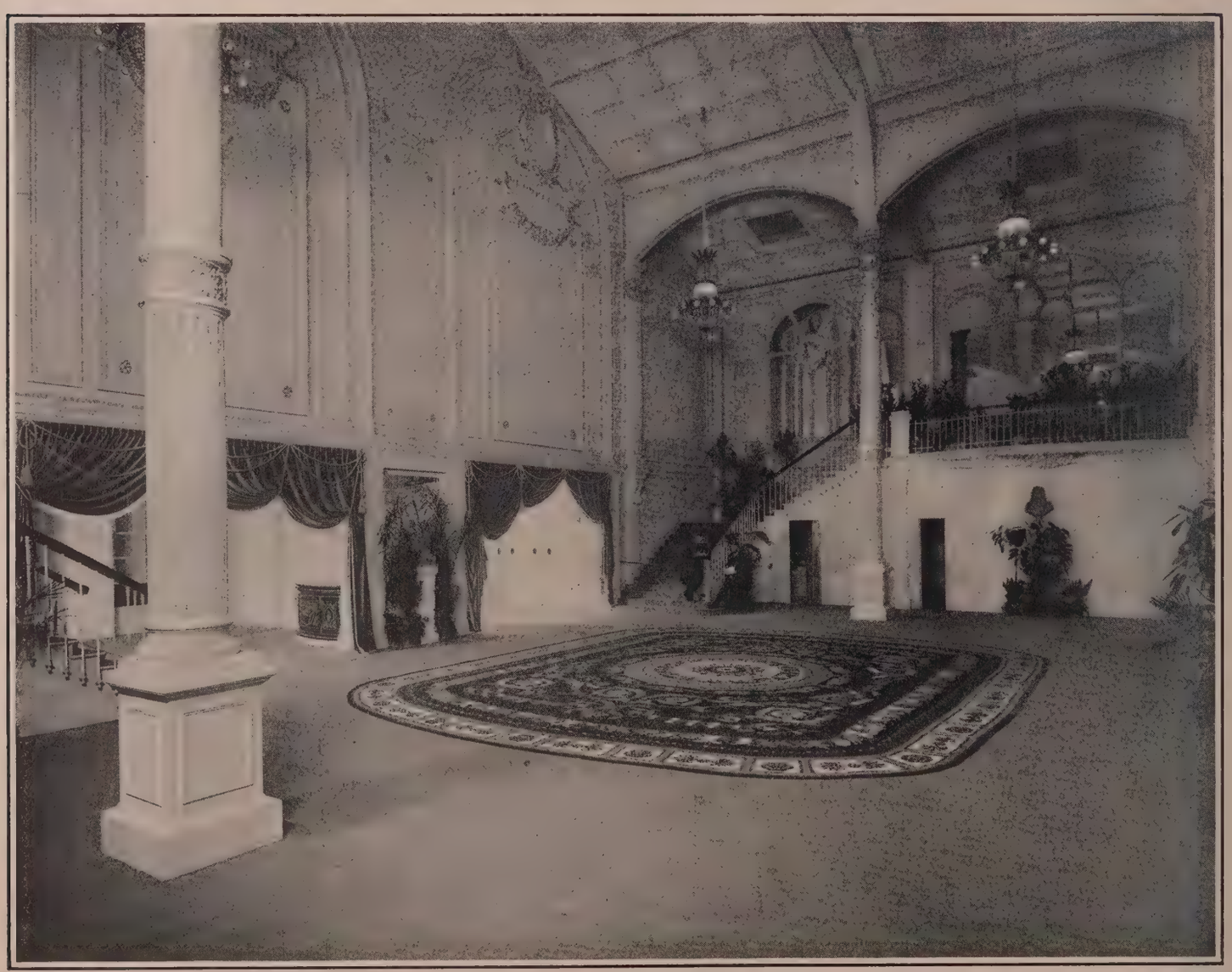

Photo Bert

PUBLIC FOYER OF THE THEATRE REJANE, PARIS

young pupil herself gave a few lessons, and she occasionally played at the small theatre of La Tour d'Auvergne, which Talbot directed, and sometimes she appeared on the stages of some suburban playhouses of the capital. At that period, following the advice of Alexandre Dumas, of Sarcey and of several of her comrades, she resolved to change her name. She hesitated some time between the names of Régille, Réjalle, Réjolle, and finally one night, when she was playing in 'Paysans Lorrains" the name of Réjane appeared for the first time on a Parisian playbill. The examination of 1874 approached, and public opinion was almost certain that Réjane would be awarded the first prize. Nevertheless, though she played remarkably well a scene from "Les Trois Sultanes," she only obtained a second prize, which she shared with Jeanne Samary.

Régnier was indignant, and Sarcey tried to console himself at not seeing her at the Français, by the thought that she was more fitted to play at the Vaudeville or at the Gymnase. Réjane herself believed that there was nothing to do for her at the Odéon. And, when the director of this theatre, M. Duquesnel, claimed her, she managed to obtain a letter from one of the ministers, thanks to which she was not compelled to resign the contract she had signed with the Vaudeville.

She made her début there in 1875, in the rôle of the Prologue in the "Revue des Deux Mondes." She obtained her first success with the creation she made in "Madame Lili," a one-act play by Marc Monnier, which she acted with Dieudonné, the 4th of September, 1875. The press began to speak of her, and to laud her wit and archness. During all the season of 1875-76, she appeared in a series of comedies, all more or less forgotten at present: "Midi à Quatorze Heures," by Théodore Barrière; "Renaudin de Caen," by Duvert and Lenjeaume; "Le Verglas," by the painter Vibert, and "Perfide comme l'Inde," by Octave Gatineau. She worked hard and improved steadily. Régnier, of whom she affectionately continued to solicit advice, guided and encouraged her. He wished to accustom her to deportment and style, to distinction, whilst continuing all the while to search for true effect by simplicity and naturalness, *en dehors du chic et de la ficelle*. In "Le Premier Tapis," Offenbach had heard her "phrase," with so clear and charming a voice an air of Lecocq's, that he offered her the sum of 20,000 francs a year to sing at the Variétés. Réjane refused, and her salary at the Vaudeville was raised. In 1877 she had considerable success, especially in the dramatic passages of "Pierre," a four-act play by Cormon, but nevertheless, during the last three years she had not advanced much in her career. Bartet was the acknowledged star of the Vaudeville, and Réjane was nearly a whole year without playing. In 1878-79, after having created "Le Mari d'Ilda," in which part she still lacked elegance and culture, she took up "Les Faux Bonshommes," in which she was, according to Régnier's own expression, "gay, true and witty." One day, in "Les Tapageurs," she doubled a part at the last minute and improvised a scene. Her courage and self-control won her a real ovation. But when she appeared in "Les Lionnes Pauvres," in 1879, Sarcey could not tolerate her interpretation of the rôle of Séraphine, whilst Barbey d'Aurévilly, on the contrary, compared her to Rachel. Indeed, it is the same Barbey d'Aurévilly, who, after having seen Réjane play in "Le Père Prodigue," by Dumas fils, predicted the great dramatic artist into which Mme. Réjane was to evolve later. "She has," he said, "the face and figure for enacting dramas, when one will write living ones."

Reutlinger Réjane in "Qui Perd Gagne"

Nadar Réjane as Madame Sans-Gêne

Though having spent eight years at the Vaudeville, and having interpreted twenty different rôles, Réjane had not as yet been able to win for herself the reputation of leading star. At last the director of the Variétés offered her the principal part in an opérette. "La Nuit de Noces," and, in a revue entitled "Les Variétés de Paris," by Blum, Wolf and Tock, she personified a little baker boy who had run away that same year with a great lady.

It was in that costume that Jean Richepin found her when he asked her to personate his heroine in "La Glu." He took her to the Ambigu, which was then under Sarah Bernhardt's able management, and Réjane abandoned at last the tame repertory of vaudevilles and one-act plays, replacing them with living dramas. She played in one of those living dramas, predicted by Barbey d'Aurevilly, and she played in a superior manner.

In 1883 she created "Ma Camarade," one of Henri Meilac's most witty comedies. Réjane had at last revealed her real self, and from that date began her fine career: henceforth she was to be, according to the necessities of her parts, either tragic or impassioned, comic or witty.

Her successes in "La Glu" and in "Ma Camarade" brought her back to the Vaudeville, to appear unfortunately in an unlucky play.

For some time the important rôles escaped her. She left the Vaudeville a second time, and awaited a new chance, which at last presented itself when she was designed to create "Décoré." Whilst she rehearsed the bright, delicate masterpiece of Henri Meilhac, M. Porel offered her the title rôle in "Germinie Lacerteux," which the De Goncourt brothers had presented to the Odéon. She accepted it after a certain hesitation, in spite of all the attempts Sarcey, Raymond Deslandes and many other of her friends made to discourage her. She was right to do so, however, for the part proved one of her greatest artistic victories.

Deslandes recalled her to the Vaudeville for the third time. In Victorien Sardou's "Marquise" she proved herself gay, charming and witty, and henceforth she spent her time between the Boulevards and the Odéon. At the last-named theatre she created "Amoureuse," M. Georges de Porto-Riche's wonderful psychological love-play, which she imposed on the public and the critics by taking it up again in 1893, in 1896, and in 1899.

As she had married M. Porel, it was natural that Réjane should follow the director of the Odéon when he emigrated to the Boulevards to inaugurate the Grand Theatre built on the emplacement of the ancient Eden. The play given was Daudet's "Sapho," and the first night took place on the 21st of November in an icy-cold and unfinished house. But Réjane's supple and living acting assured the success. "Sapho" was added to all the admirable creations in which she tinted reality with both vigor and delicacy.

Maurice Donnay's voluptuous irony found in Réjane one of its best interpreters. She played one hundred times "Lysistrata" with a mocking grace and a most poetic abandon. Then, as M. Porel assumed the management of the Vaudeville, in partnership with M. Albert Carré, Réjane accompanied him there and appeared in "Madame Sans-Gêne." She brought to the Vaudeville, which theatre had not much claim to her indulgence, an uninterrupted good-luck.

The season of 1893-94 was especially fruitful in fine creations due to the great artist. For, whilst she lent all her gaiety and wit to the personification of the famous laundress, later wife of one of Bonaparte's marshals, Mme. Réjane resurrected "La Parisienne," by Henry Becque, which had failed at the Comédie Française, and also created the rôle of the heroine in Ibsen's drama, "Doll's House."

MADAME TETRAZZINI TAKES TO MOTORING

This picture of the world-famed singer was taken after a ride about Los Angeles in her new Baker Electric, during the engagement of the Chicago Grand Opera Company. Madame Tetrazzini is an enthusiastic motorist. "I have quite forgotten singing and the opera," she exclaimed, after spending many happy hours driving her own electric car. The new car will be taken to Lake Lugano, Madame Tetrazzini's beautiful Switzerland home

At the end of that triumphal season of 1894, Grau, the impresario, took her for three months to the United States and Canada. Though warmly welcomed everywhere, she was more or less understood by her audiences. In New York, New Orleans and Montreal she obtained, however, very legitimate successes. On her return journey she made a short stay in London, where she played Madame Sans-Gêne, in which rôle she has ever since been enthusiastically appreciated by her British public.

During several long years she remained faithful to her Vaudeville, where she continued to create those plays which so exclusively belong to Réjane's repertory—varied and penetrating studies of modern life, of which she was the perfect heroine. From 1895 to 1900 were given "Le Partage," Albert Guinon's consummate psychological drama, in which Réjane revealed herself so stirring; "Zaza," one of her most original conceptions; "Le Lys Rouge," drawn from Anatole France's immortal novel, "La Robe Rouge," in which she was curiously dramatic; "La Course au Flambeau," one of her greatest rôles of modern *tragédienne;* "Le Joug," in which she sketched in so striking a way the gradual evolution of a woman's character.

In 1897 she visited Copenhagen, St. Petersburg, Moscow, Odessa, Bucharest, Budapest, Dresden and Munich, where ever since she has frequently played as she makes almost every year a long *tournée* in the different parts of the globe.

Numerous revivals completed the work of those fruitful years, notably that of "Germinie Lacerteux," in which she affirmed once more her great art of being natural. This play closed her theatrical career at the Vaudeville.

When the divorce separated M. and Mme. Porel, their artistic activity became distinct one from the other. Henceforth from the 3rd of January, 1904, Mme. Réjane was liberated from all her old contracts with the Vaudeville. She created at Brussels at the Théâtre du Parc, "L'Hirondelle," by M. Dario Nicodémi, who has now become the consecrated author of the ever great artist. And, returning to Paris, she appeared in all her customary talent in "L'Age d'Aimer."

Finally she opened her own theatre, the Théâtre Réjane. She transformed the old Nouveau Théâtre, which until then had had the bad luck of being vowed to concerts and to the passing artistic attempts of the æsthetics, into one of the most elegant houses of Paris. A gay foyer, decorated with flowers and enlivened by music, forms a vast room suitable for chattering during the *entre actes.* And, moreover, Mme. Réjane had made a great effort. The works which are submitted to her clear judgment are not always such as so talented an interpreter might desire. But she neglects nothing to throw them as brilliantly into relief as possible. The Théâtre Réjane opened on the 14th of December, 1906, with a picturesque adventure in crinolines, entitled "La Savelli," by Augustin Thierry and Max Maurey. Later was represented Francis de Croisset's lively comedy, "Paris-New York," which contained some essentially Parisian conceptions of Yankees. During 1907 and 1908 the following novelties were represented: "Raffles" a successful and thrilling detective play, drawn from Hornung's famous book by Dario Nicodémi; "Qui Perd Gagne," by Alfred Capus; "Israel," three vigorous acts by Henri Bernstein, who at the present moment is scoring real triumph at the Gymnase with "L'Assaut."

The directress of the Théâtre Réjane has grouped around her celebrated name many of her most distinguished colleagues, such as Mmes. Judic, Blanche Toutain, Suzanne Desprès, Rosa Bruck and many others.

MARC LOGE

Mishkin

ELSIE FERGUSON

Who has been appearing as Bonita Canby in the revival of "Arizona"

A Lesson From Moliere

PRESENT-DAY observers and students of the stage and the drama—which nowadays seem to include nearly everybody—have one great advantage over those of earlier days. In this, as in other matters, publicity is the order of the day, and the many sources of information are open to all. Our magazines and newspapers disseminate knowledge on this subject to an ever-increasing extent, and through these channels practically every successful dramatist, in detailed interviews, is obliging enough to respond to the public interest in the secrets of his craft.

MOLIERE

It was not always thus. Shakespeare unfortunately left no authentic interview on "Hamlet," or on anything else—though in his work itself there is a rift or two through which those who run may read. Ibsen talked little when he was alive, though now that he is dead it is found that he left invaluable data as to his methods of work. It is also true that other dramatists gave specific statements, aside from their plays. To such an extent, indeed, did the younger Dumas carry this practice in his prefaces that Henry James was led to protest that he "had given the whole thing away."

As a rule, however, we are left more or less in the dark as to the great dramatists of other times. It is, therefore, somewhat curious that one of the greatest exceptions in this regard should have received scant attention among English readers. The great plays of Molière are, of course, very well known to us, both in the library and on the stage, but the two little pieces—they can hardly be called plays—giving the specific data here in question are not so well known. This is no doubt because they were both written for special purposes—to answer his critics and confound his enemies. All of these enemies being buried very deep by this time, these two curious plays as acting vehicles have therefore served their purpose; but to the student they remain veritable mines of interest, for in them Molière stated clearly his attitude toward certain problems of the stage and of the drama. And that this great master of comedy was indeed a "modern" is shown by the fact that his remarks are as pertinent and timely to-day as when they were addressed to the court and populace of France in the middle of the seventeenth century. Their very form and wording seem of to-day; for though Molière was born but six years after Shakespeare died, they belonged to different ages of the world.

"La Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes" was a brilliant reply to the attacks made on Molière's comedy, and is replete with interesting precepts. Unlike the theatre of the middle ages and of Shakespeare, that of France at the time in question resembled in form our own. Incidentally, this external circumstance necessarily affected the plays themselves and helps explain why Moliere is so modern and why his plays can be performed to-day just as they were written. The *parterre* corresponded to the English pit or to our own gallery, in the respect that it was the cheapest part of the house. In these cosmopolitan times, of course, the "best people" go to the gallery if they happen to feel like it; in other words, class distinction in these arbitrary aspects at least, are going by the board. Still we can appreciate the following remark of Dorante in the above play, who defends Molière against the implied rebuke that his comedy, the "Ecole des Femmes," appealed only to the *parterre:*

"Intelligence has no fixed place at the theatre; the difference between a half louis and fifteen sous has nothing to do with good taste; sitting or standing, one can give a bad judgment; but, speaking in general, I am quite content to rely on the approbation of the *parterre,* for the reason that among those who compose it there are many who are capable of judging a play critically, and because the others there judge it by the good method of judging—which is to put themselves in a receptive attitude toward it, without blind prejudice or affected complacence or ridiculous delicacy."

And of some people in the fashionable part of the house who had pretended to be shocked by some speeches in the "Ecole des Femmes" it was remarked that "their ears were the most chaste parts of their bodies." On the old discussion as to whether poetic tragedy or realistic comedy is the higher achievement, the following comments are made:

URANIE. Tragedy, without doubt, is a beautiful thing when it is well done; but comedy also has its charms, and I hold that one is not more difficult than the other.

DORANTE. Assuredly, madam, and as to difficulty you would not make a mistake in putting a little more on the side of comedy. I find it considerably easier to dwell on the big sentiments, to brave fortune in verse, accuse the fates, and tell one's troubles to the gods, than to enter in a fitting manner into the ridicule of men and to show in an interesting way their faults on the stage. When you paint heroes, you do what you wish. They are free-hand portraits, where truth to life is not looked for. You have only to give rein to a flight of imagination, which often leaves the true to seek the marvellous. But when you paint men, you must paint according to nature. Such portraits must have reality; and you have done nothing if the society of your own time is not recognizable in your work. In a word, in those tragic pieces, good writing and good judgment may suffice; but this is not sufficient for the others, you must be bright—and it is a strange undertaking to make honest people laugh.

Copyright Mishkin
Signor Scotti in "Manon Lescaut"

In another place Molière intimates that general culture makes one a better judge of works of art than all the knowledge of a pedant. He does, however, specifically state his belief in the importance of technic, and in the following attack he has in mind only a certain immortal type of pedant:

Lysidas, who has been attacking Molière and speaking of the faults in his comedy, is asked to kindly point out these faults, to which he replies that "those who know Aristotle and Horace see that the comedy sins against all the rules of art."

URANIE. I admit that I am not up in those gentlemen, and that I know nothing about the rules of art.

DORANTE. You are very fine with your rules, with which you embarrass the ignorant and eternally seek to impress us. It would appear, to hear you talk, that these rules of art are the greatest mysteries in the world; but they are nothing but simple observations which common sense has made on that which can affect the pleasure which people take in this kind of work; and the same common sense which in other times made these observations, makes them easily any day, without the aid of Horace or of Aristotle. I should like very much to know if the great rule of all the rules is not to please, and if a play which has attained its object has not followed a good road. Would you hold that all the public is wrong about these things, and that each individual is not the judge of the pleasure which he takes in them?

URANIE. I have noticed one thing about these gentlemen, that those who talk most

SOME ATTRACTIVE PLAYERS RECENTLY SEEN IN BROADWAY PRODUCTIONS

1. Mildred Elaine (Photo Moffett). 2. Peggy Wood (Photo White). 3. Helen Falconer, Edna Bates, Gladys Zell, Florence Williams (Photos White).
4. Audrey Maple (Photo White). 5. Chapine (Photo Gould and Marsden)

Photos Matzene

THREE PORTRAITS OF JULIA DEAN

Who has been appearing in "Bought and Paid For," and who will be seen next season in "Her Own Money," a play by Mark Swan

about rules and who know them best, make plays which nobody likes.

DORANTE. And that proves, madam, how little heed one should pay to their forced arguments. For, if plays which are made according to rules do not please, and those which please may not be in accordance with rules, then it follows of necessity that the rules themselves were badly made. Let us scoff, then, at this chicanery to which they would subject the taste of the public, and let us note in a play only the effect which it makes on us. Let us give ourselves up in good faith to the things which grasp our feelings, and not look around for reasons to prevent us from taking pleasure.

URANIE. For my part, when I am well diverted, I do not ask if that is wrong of me, and whether Aristotle's rules forbid me to laugh.

DURANTE. That's precisely as if a man who liked a sauce very much should seek to find out if it was good in accordance with the precepts laid down in the *Cuisinier français*.

URANIE. True, and I am astonished at the hair splitting of certain people about things which we should feel for ourselves.

DORANTE. . . . we would be reduced to not believing ourselves any more; our every sense would be in slavery in all things, and even to eating and drinking we would no longer dare to like anything without the permission of *messieurs* the experts.

A little further on, Lysidas insists that the essence of a play is *action*, and that the "Ecole des Femmes" has no action as everything is contained in the recitals of Agnes or of Horace. To this the reply is made that there are other things in the play, and that as to the recitals referred to, they are themselves action, as they are made innocently to interested persons with diverting results. In other words, the much discussed term "action" is given its proper significance.

There is a keen touch at the end of the *Critique* as to what is a true love scene. Lysidas has objected that the love scene in the fifth act of the "Ecole des Femmes" is too extreme and too comic.

DORANTE. I should like very much to know if that is not a satire on lovers, and if honest people, even the most serious, on similar occasions, do not do things——

LE MARQUIS. My faith, Chevalier, you had better be quiet.

DORANTE. Good. However, if we took careful note of ourselves, when we are much in love——

LE MARQUIS. I don't even want to hear you.

DORANTE. Pray listen. In the violence of passion, is it not true——

But at this point the Marquis fortunately breaks into song and drowns out Dorante, thus saving the situation—after practically everything had been said by clever suggestion.

In his play of a rehearsal, "L'impromptu de Versailles," Molière takes two parts, one being that of Molière, the stage director—that is, he plays himself. His speeches, therefore, even more directly voice his sentiments than those of the characters who defend him in the *Critique*. As to "types" the following point, not yet, curiously enough, fully learned, is brought out:

Mlle. Duparc, a popular actress of the company, objects to her part—that of a ceremonious woman—complaining that she is unsuited to it and will play it badly.

MOLIERE. Mon Dieu! mademoiselle, you talked like that when you were given your part in the *Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes:* nevertheless, you came through with flying colors. . . . Believe me, it will be the same in this case and you will play it better than you think.

MLLE. DUPARC. How can that be? No one in the world stands less on ceremony than I do.

MOLIERE. That is true, and that is just the proof that you are an excellent actress—to represent truthfully a character which is so contrary to your own nature.

And in like vein Molière goes on to talk with the rest of the company about their various rôles; saying, at the end of this scene: "I describe your parts to you in order that you may take a strong mental impression of them."

As to the scene of the new play, Molière says: "Imagine that the scene is in the antechamber of the king; for that is a place where diverting things are always happening, and it will be a simple matter to have appear there all the character we wish." Which is surely an improvement over the incongruities that exist in some more modern plays.

As to making copies on the stage of individuals in real life, with which practice Molière had been charged, one of the characters quotes Molière as saying that "nothing displeased him so much as being accused of having individuals in mind in drawing his portraits; that his aim was to paint manners and not individuals.

R. CALHOUN.

To the Stage Heroine

Could you but know how real the part you play,
The words you speak, the purity you feign,
Seems to some simple folk who pass your way—
Who find your whiteness free from scar or stain!
Could you but feel how pulses thrill and leap
As each ennobling sentiment slips o'er
Your painted lips—or watch the hot flush creep
O'er virgin cheek at each gross wrong you bore;—
Would not such free unmeasured homage wake
An answering thrill within your unstirred heart?
Would not your life grow sweet and pure to make
The counterfeit of your real self a part?
Great Faith instills a purifying leaven,
And Virtue feigned grows Virtue ripe for Heaven.

EVELYN WATSON.

White

KITTY GORDON

This popular actress, who has been seen this season in "The Enchantress," is now appearing in vaudeville

IT ISS PERMISSABLE

By SAM BERNARD

WHEN Mayor Gaynor decided to close up Broadway at 1 A.M., everybody said, It iss not permissable, because Broadway has never been closed night or day. What is the use? Those of us who have known this little street when it was much smaller than it is now cannot remember the time when it was not wide open. If the mayor succeeded in closing Broadway at 1 A.M., who would have the latchkey? It is nonsensical and never should be.

The question is this, What iss not permissable? I can remember the time when there were only a few theatres in New York which were run by gentlemens. There was Mr. Augustin Daly and Mr. A. M. Palmer and Mr. Lester Wallack, all gentlemens of the kid glove, and managers, too. It was not necessary to play on Broadway in those days to become a star. Even on Union Square it was permissable to be artistic, to be recognized favorably. Everything has been so pushed in the face by what you call progressive conditions in New York that for the life of me I cannot tell where Broadway really iss. It looks to me more like Fourteenth Street, but then again it doesn't, because it costs more to be there. If the theatres were all pushed over onto Fifth Avenue, then Broadway would take the place of Fourteenth Street and Fourteenth Street would become a continuation of Grand Street, speaking socialastically.

What iss it the mayor don't like about Broadway?

SAM BERNARD
In "All for the Ladies"

I don't like it myself, but I haf to, because it is the will of the peoples. There iss no difference from what it is now than it was before it iss. Some people object to cabaret shows, but they always was on Broadway. I remember the time when they were called "speak it easy." No elegancis or superfluiplus, but nice little corners for tired business men. One of the gentlemens who ran a nookery of this sort was Tom Gould. Respectable peoples were not supposed to go there, but it was the best place to find them after the theatre. There were one or two other places of the same kind, but they didn't have French names. The proprietor was usually an Irishman, who had come over to be a policeman and had got a raise in the world. It iss natural! First he raised potatoes in Ireland, then he raised liquor in America. But it iss not a question of what was permissable on Broadway then, it was a question of what iss possible. The answer to it was the same then as it is to-day, "If you live happily ever after, be good." Everything has changed, the goods and the prices and the people. There was a time in New York when it was not permissable to speak French. You were under suspicionings when you did it. Now it iss permissable. Iss the French language any worse than it was ever? I don't know. When I get excited I only speak German, but there iss in the French language somethink smart, somethink classy that you haf not in others. Broadway in the early days of my career, when it wanted to laugh at, like the Irish joke, best of all. Before ragtime came the Irish. Nothing was permissable for laughter, excepting the stage Irishman. Many times I made myself Irish to please. When the funny Frenchman first came to Broadway he was not permissable. The Irish police were after him. It was not because he was funny, it was because his country was not permissable. He was supposed to be a bad boy. Then when the French farce first appeared, and the American public which had read about Paris believed that it was not permissable in good society, they wanted to; that is, their curiosity got the best of their prevention.

It seems a long way off when Miss Olga Nethersole had to give a special police performance of "Sappho" before it was permissable. The question was whether a gentlemens should carry a lady upstairs. The police captain said it was permissable, and another foolishness was settled. All the peoples who wanted to see this play couldn't, because the actors could not perform night and day. This was the first Broadway acknowledgment that French is permissable. It was the beginning of new conditions in the theatre. All the comedians began studying French spelling books. Irish whiskers were buried and goat whiskers took their place. Table d'hôtes everywhere came up like mushrooms. No one touched corned beef and cabbage by that name, and the Irish stew became something with a name no one could understand, but it tasted French.

Since then what has happened? New York has been trying to become like Paris, not even so good, nor half so bad. French plays ran the limit, till peoples got tired of them and looked for something worse. They got it in the cabaret shows. With their soup they got it, with their fishes, with their game, and by the time they had paid so much more than they could eat in a week they had tired of the theatre. Mind you. I am not a moralist, but the painted lady in short skirts does not belong when I eat. She should not be permissable. And another thing, why should I be made so sad at supper time when I must be happy? Why will they always choose songs to make you cry when the bones of the fish are more than you can count? I had to listen to a tenor one night while I was at dinner who sang about snakes, and it gave me a bad taste for the whole meal. It should not be permissable either for a lady to sing about a broken heart just when the waiter brings you a check; it iss too much.

In some ways there is a sufficiency on Broadway and in some ways there is not yet enough. When the mayor decided to make everybody go home at 1 A.M. he forgot something. He forgot what a long street Broadway is. From One Hundred Street up live many peoples who never come to the White Way. Why iss it? Because they have a new Broadway of their own right on the hearthstone of their homes. They have their own cabarets, their own theatre and their own permissableness. At the moving picture theatre they get an orchestra chair for ten cents. It has spoiled them. They will not sit in the gallery of a theatre any more. So they wait till baby's bank has saved up two dollars' worth of pennies and then they rob the child to go to the theatre.

Yet it is permissable!

My old friend, B. F. Keith, is largely responsible. Many years ago, when he started his first " continuous," I worked for him. He had a long store, with a stage at one end, just like some of the moving picture theatres to-day. The performance commenced at ten o'clock in the morning and lasted till ten o'clock at night. The admission price was ten cents, and every actor repeated himself about forty times a day. Mr. Keith used to call me before breakfast, to be ready to give my first performance of the day. What iss the difference now? The peoples were just as crazy for entertainment then as they are now, but to-day the peoples are more, and they were fewer once.

Most of them have become millionaires. The men I grew up with are all rich now, because it is permissable. I should like to know how they did it, but they wouldn't tell me; they just gave me a job.

If the mayor would make actors take out a license to act, there would not be so many actors, so many theatres, or so many restaurants to fill. Any kind of a license would do, and in some cases, if he ran short, he could use dog licenses. What is the difference? A good license is a stificate and a sufficiency. A great many peoples are driven

(*Continued on page vi*)

Moffett

A NEW PORTRAIT OF MARIE DORO

John Drew Mrs. Drew H. B. Irving Henry Irving Ethel Barrymore Maurice Barrymore John Barrymore E. A. Sothern E. H. Sothern J. H. Hackett J. K. Hackett

Players Who Have Inherited the Talent of Their Parents

THE popular young actor had just taken half a dozen curtain calls at the end of the second act. In a powerful scene, written expressly to give him his "big opportunity," he had dominated the situation so splendidly that the applause swelled to a riot and the curtain went into convulsions.

"Wasn't he magnificent?" observed the First Nighter, as he and the Old Playgoer went through the lobby for ten minutes of fresh air and tobacco-smoke. "The perfection of dramatic art, I should call it. And yet, how evanescent is the fame of the stage! The great actor of to-day is forgotten to-morrow, just as the names that were famous twenty or thirty years ago are practically blotted out from the memory of everybody now."

The First Nighter was so overcome by his own platitudinous sentiment that he was inclined to shed a tear. Instead, he merely choked on his newly-lighted cigarette.

"Piffle!" grunted the Old Playgoer. "Good work—if it is good enough—will keep a name alive for centuries. But actors of our time don't have to depend wholly on that to go ringing down the ages."

The First Nighter puffed patiently, awaiting an explanation. It came in a steady growl:

"Did you ever stop to think how many names that you see on theatre programs nowadays were familiar to theatre-goers of a generation ago?"

"Why—er——"

"For example, our friend Blank, who has just knocked them out of their seats inside here, comes of a family that has warmed itself by the footlights for seventy-five years or more. I didn't know them all, but his father starred for years, and his mother was one of the cleverest comediennes I ever saw. This boy you call magnificent is not the first Blank to 'put it over' strong—not by a long shot."

"Oh, of course there are *some* stars who have inherited their talent. I have heard of Blank's father now you remind me."

"Some?" bellowed the Old Playgoer. "What the deuce are you talking about? Let me run over a few names that occur to me offhand. To begin with, there's John Drew. Isn't he his mother over again—talent, personal appearance and all, and wasn't his father a fine actor, too? What about Lionel, John and Ethel Barrymore, with Maurice Barrymore for their father and Georgie Drew their mother? How about Maude Adams, the daughter of a hard-working actress? Then E. H. Sothern! It wasn't he that first made the family name known on the stage. His father was a better actor than he is—although the abysmal solemnity of E. H. *may* make us take him more seriously than ever we did E. A."

"That's true," assented the First Nighter thoughtfully. "Then there's Viola Allen. Leslie Allen, her father, acted and was well known many years before she ever went on the stage. And Rowland Buckstone! I never saw his dad, J. Baldwin, but the name of Buckstone——"

"Was famous in London for more than half a century," interrupted the Old Playgoer. "What's more, look over French's list of farces and note how many of them which are not too old-fashioned for the stage even now were written by J. Baldwin Buckstone when Queen Victoria was a young woman."

"Lionel Belmore—of Faversham's company—is the son of an old-time actor, too, isn't he?"

"Certainly. George Belmore was one of the most popular comedians of his day. His Nat Gosling, in Boucicault's "Flying Scud," was a classic in the sixties, and everybody knew Belmore on both sides of the Atlantic. By the way, look at the Boucicaults. The present generation of that name are all so clever that some of the young people who go to the theatre hardly remember that Dion the elder was counted a genius, both as actor and dramatist, and that their mother was a finished actress and as popular in her day as Maude Adams is now."

"James K. Hackett's father was an actor, wasn't he?"

"*Was* he?" spluttered the Old Playgoer. "I should say he was—the best Falstaff the American stage ever knew. The name of Hackett would live even if he'd never had a son. And there are many others—more than I can think of at the moment. For instance, the name of Collier was always a drawing card on programs in the last half of the nineteenth century, although a lot of young people know of only one Collier, Willie—or 'William F.,' as it is now, I believe. Then there's the name of Loftus. Cecilia has talent enough to make it famous, but the fact remains that her mother, Alice Loftus was an actress and singer of unique attractiveness, and had a larger following than her daughter—particularly in London. The same may be said of Henry Irving, of course, notwithstanding that H. B. will probably in a few years be the only Irving the younger generation will know much about."

"And there's Wallace Eddinger, whose father has acted hereabouts for a quarter of a century, and Dorothy Russell, who——"

The Old Playgoer smiled.

"It will be a long time before Dorothy drives Lillian Russell out of men's minds," he said. "There's only one Lillian Russell, or ever will be, in my opinion. But talking of young girls coming to the front, look at Alice Brady. I suppose you know that William A. Brady is a pretty fair actor, as well as an able manager, while Alice's mother, Marie Renée, was an unusually clever actress as well as a beautiful woman. You should have seen her in the title rôle of 'She.' So Alice inherits her talent on both sides of the family to keep the name of Brady alive."

"I see there's a Josie Collins playing on Broadway who is the daughter of Lottie Collins. I don't remember Lottie. She was before my time."

"Then you are the loser," rejoined the Old Playgoer promptly. "Lottie Collins had a song—a stupid thing in itself, with a refrain of *'Ta-ra-boom-de-ay!'*—that carried you right along with it when she sang it. Lottie Collins was the rage, and everybody for a year or two was humming 'Ta-ra-ra.' So Collins is not a new name either."

"Arthur Byron——"

"Son of Oliver Doud Byron, of 'Across the Continent' fame. Yes, the Byrons are all right, but I doubt if ever Arthur will have the big reputation of his father, in spite of the fact that he is a better actor than Oliver Doud. The point is that the name survives. Pat Rooney was a popular Irish comedian of the 'variety stage,' as it used to be called, and when he died it was regarded as a distinct loss to that branch of the profession. But we still have his son, who is as good a dancer as his father, if not so funny." "It looks as if you are right in saying there are plenty of old names still on theatre programs," said the First Nighter.

GEORGE P. JENKS.

The New York Casino

FRANCIS WILSON
The original Cadeaux (caddy) in "Erminie"

Falk PAULINE HALL
The original Erminie in "Erminie"

WILLIAM S. DABOLL
The original Ravennes (Ravvy) in "Erminie"

Sarony MARIE JANSEN
The original Javotte in "Erminie"

Most Successful Operetta Ever Heard Here

BY RUDOLPH ARONSON

The Casino, at Broadway and 39th Street, which in the early eighties was one of New York's most popular theatres, was first opened to the public in 1882 with Rudolph Aronson as director. With its Moorish style of architecture and Oriental furnishings which gave it more the appearance of an Eastern seraglio than a modern theatre, and with its open-air roof garden, then quite a novelty in this country, the Casino was immediately successful and became known as the home of light opera. In addition to "Erminie," which had the longest run of any operetta ever produced in this country, there were seen here in quick succession: "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief," "Prince Methusalem," "The Merry War," "Die Fledermaus," "Indigo," "Gypsy Baron," "The Beggar Student," "Poor Jonathan," "Apajune," "Vice Admiral," "The Grand Duchess," "The Princess of Trebizonde," "The Drum Major," "The Brigands," "Madame Angot," "The Little Duke," "Falka," "Nadjy," "Amorita," "The Tyrolean" and "The Yeomen of the Guard." To the present generation the Casino recalls interesting memories as the stage on which Lillian Russell, Marie Tempest, David Warfield, DeWolf Hopper and Francis Wilson made their reputations

DURING the fall and winter of 1885-1886 I presented at the Casino Johann Strauss' tuneful operetta "The Gypsy Baron," which had been elaborately staged by the late Heinrich Conried, afterwards director of the Metropolitan Opera House. The work was so well received as to encourage further experiments in the same direction, but inasmuch as "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief," "The Merry War," "Prince Methusalem," "The Beggar Student," "Die Fledermaus," "Apajune," "Nanon" and "Amorita," all of Viennese manufacture, had during a period of five years preceded "The Gypsy Baron," I was inclined to believe that the public had tired for the time being of that class of entertainment and was clamoring for the Gilbert and Sullivan creations or works with musing librettos and of English construction.

It was during the run of "The Gypsy Baron," while I was at home recovering from illness that had kept me indoors for several weeks, that I received a cablegram from London from Edmund Gerson, the dramatic agent. It read as follows: "Can procure for you for five hundred dollars new operetta by Paulton and Jakobowski, entitled 'Erminie,' now playing at the Comedy Theatre, London, to fair business." I answered by cable thus: "Send libretto and if satisfactory will wire five hundred."

While I was waiting for the "Erminie" libretto I attended a ball at the Metropolitan Opera House and in the Press Room happened to meet Mr. Frank W. Sanger, the well-known manager. "Hello, Aronson!" he exclaimed. "I have just received the libretto and music of an operetta recently produced in London called 'Erminie.'" Astounded at the news, I told Sanger of the negotiations I had had with Gerson. "You are too late," he answered. "Miss Melnotte, Willie Edouin and myself control all the rights for America." That was definite enough, so accepting the situation as gracefully as I could, I said: "Very well, then, send it to me as soon as you can and I will look it over."

The next day Sanger sent me the vocal score and libretto. I was charmed with the airiness, catchiness and daintiness of the music and particularly with the song *When Love is Young,* the *All for Glory* march of the first act, the *Dickey Bird* song, *The Lullaby* and Gavotte and *Good Night* chorus. As for the libretto, it was one of the best and most amusing that I had ever read. I did not hesitate long, but accepted the American rights to the piece for a period of seven years on a basis of seven per cent of the gross receipts.

"Erminie" was immediately put into rehearsal. Mr. Harry Paulton, the well-known English comedian and its librettist, was requisitioned to come over from London in order to stage the opera, and Mr. Jesse Williams was engaged as musical director. The cast I selected was as follows:

Erminie	Pauline Hall
Javotte	Marie Jansen
Cerise	Marion Manola
Princess de Gramponeur..	Jennie Weathersby
Captain Delaunay.....	Rose Beaudet
Marie	Agnes Folsom
Cadeaux	Francis Wilson
Ravennes	William S. Daboll
Eugene	Harry Pepper
Marquis de Pouvert.....	Carl Irving
Chevalier de Brabgazon....	Max Freeman
Simon—Waiter at the Lion D'or,	A. W. Maflin
Dufois—Innkeeper	Murry Woods
Viscomte de Brissac	C. L. Weeks

One of the most difficult parts to fill was that of Ravennes. I hunted high and low and finally, at a performance of the Salsbury Troubadours, my attention was directed to Mr. William S. Daboll, whose acting, personality, gentlemanly bearing and general make up appealed to me strongly for the character of the gentlemanly rogue. I immediately engaged him, and my judgment was fully sustained by public and press. Mr. Daboll scored an unqualified triumph, and had not illness and unsuccessful business pursuits hastened his early demise, he would have achieved great prominence in his profession.

When I approached Miss Marie Jansen, one of the most popular soubrettes of that time, at her picturesque home at Winthrop, Massachusetts, with a view to engaging her for the part of Javotte, she perused the part, then handed it back to me with tears in her eyes. "Mr. Aronson," she exclaimed, "is it possible that you ask me to play such a mediocre part, that has not even one

song?" I thought of what she said for a few moments and then replied: "Very well, I will get a song for you that will be acceptable," and I did. I took a little catchy German song I had heard in Berlin some years before, had words written to fit the situation, with the refrain *Sundays after three, my sweetheart comes to me.* This I submitted to Miss Jansen, who promptly accepted the part and the song, and the ballad thus introduced made one of the hits of the operetta. She thanked me many times for "that splendid introduction."

Another introduction—entirely foreign to the operetta—which I found necessary in order to strengthen the entrance of the two rogues Caddy and Ravvy in the first act, I discovered in Planquette's "Les Voltigeurs du 32ème." With the requisite words it fitted the situation like a glove.

During the preparations for the production, I was very frequently in consultation with Henry E. Hoyt, the famous scenic artist. At that time Mr. Hoyt had a small studio among the flies over the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House. This was a congenial resort where I could enjoy the ideas of a finished artist regarding the elaborate scenery that was being planned for the new operetta. At one of these consultations I suggested to Mr. Hoyt that he experiment with a stage setting entirely of one color. With the proper light effects such a setting would, I thought, be novel and attractive. The result was the famous "Pink Ball Room" scene in the second act which brought Mr. Hoyt the most flattering encomiums.

Sarony

DONALD BRIAN
Will be seen next season in "The Marriage Market"

Messrs. Harry Paulton and Jesse Williams rehearsed the company assiduously for many weeks, and when their work was finished and the final dress rehearsal at an end, Mr. Paulton said to me in a voice full of disappointment: "With the antics of some of the people on the stage, the many interpolations and its Americanization, so to speak, 'Erminie' will be a fiasco." Naturally, I promptly disagreed with this dismal prophecy, although I fully realized that it is a difficult matter to judge in advance of a production just what the public will accept.

The ever-memorable date, May 10, 1886, will never be eradicated from my memory. It was on that day that the curtain rose at the Casino on "Erminie," the most successful operetta of modern times. I remember viewing the performance from a balcony seat, and until about one-third of the first act I felt as if Mr. Paulton's "fiasco" prediction might be realized. But after the entrance of Caddy and Ravvy, admirably played by Francis Wilson and William S. Daboll to the catchy strain of my improvised introduction, and the eccentric business of both comedians, there came a genuine burst of applause from the audience that filled every nook and corner of the theatre, compelling at least six repetitions of the number. I started joyfully from my seat. Doubt had given way to the fullest confidence; "Erminie" was a success.

Number after number was encored. The public laughed and shouted without restraint, and even before the evening was half over "Erminie" was voted a great triumph. Afterwards it became a veritable craze and settled down for a phenomenal run.

In addition to the original cast there appeared in "Erminie" at divers times during my régime Louise Sylvester, Mary Stuart, Alma Varry, Georgie Dennin, Josie Sadler, Sadie Kerby, Isabella Urquhart, Fannie Rice, Eva Davenport, Sylvia Gerrish Florence Bell, Eva Goodrich, Kitty Cheatham, Henry Hallam, Mark Smith, George Olmi, Charles Plunkett, Edwin Stevens, Fred Solomon, James T. Powers, B. F. Joslyn, Charles Campbell, John E. Brand, N. S. Burnham, Ellis Ryse, Frank Ridsdale, E. B. Knight, etc.

On each of the many hundredth performances an appropriate souvenir was presented to the audience, and on the five-hundredth representation, not only was the vast and enthusiastic audience so favored, but also the principals and the chorus, the former receiving beautiful Tiffany designed silver miniature suitcases, facsimile of the one carried by Ravvy and marked V de B, and the latter, cages containing dickey birds.

It was on that occasion that I remember Francis Wilson saying to me:

"Do you know, Mr. Aronson, this continuous playing of the same part is telling on my nerves. At times I almost feel as though I were forgetting my lines. Why won't you relieve me of the part temporarily?"

I very much regretted not being able to accommodate Mr. Wilson, but it would have been difficult to replace him, after his tremendous success.

"Erminie" continued running for hundreds upon hundreds of performances. Owing to arrangements previously made I was compelled to have the original company play in Boston, Philadelphia and Brooklyn during a period of six weeks to capacity business. Returning to the Casino, it continued for hundreds of more nights, until at last the number of consecutive performances reached the grand total of twelve hundred and fifty-six, when, on account of my long-deferred contract with Mr. Alfred Hays, of London, for the presentation of Chassaigne's "Nadjy," the ever-popular "Erminie" had to be withdrawn. I had paid Mr. Sanger over one hundred and twenty thousand dollars in royalties, thus proving that sometimes a fair success in Europe will make a great success in America, and *vice versa.*

I was the victim of many piratical productions of "Erminie" during the run of the opera. In 1886, 1887 and 1888 I had no less than fourteen lawsuits against pretended owners of the opera, produced or announced to be produced under all sorts of fictitious titles, to wit: "The Two Thieves," "Robert Macaire," "The Vagabonds," "The Robbers," "Caddy and Ravvy," "Robert and Bertram," etc. In each case I secured an injunction, but it meant for me much trouble and expense. Mr. David Leventritt was my attorney in these suits, and they kept him exceedingly busy, almost to the very moment he was elected to the bench of the Supreme Court.

I recall the greatest blizzard of modern times in New York, in March, 1888, when for three days, with snow in some places twelve feet deep, traffic was at a complete standstill. On the first night of the blizzard, March 10th, only two performers, Louise Sylvester and Francis Wilson, reported at the Casino (the former almost exhausted from the effect of the wind and snow). "Erminie" was still the attraction, but the *only* applicants for seats on that memorable night were three sturdy Canadians, to whom—in the absence of my treasurer—I extended a complimentary pass for the following evening, when I thought it might be possible to resume operations.

I attribute the great success of "Erminie," in a large measure, to the uniformly excellent casts provided. The stage at that time had not yet succumbed to the star evil, although it was fast coming. I myself rejected several overtures from my artists to engage them at lower salaries

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Photo Strauss-Peyton

MARGARET ILLINGTON

This popular actress, who has been appearing in Charles Kenyon's play, "Kindling," will be seen next season in a new play

Who Wrote "Hamlet" First?

WHO wrote "Hamlet"? "Shakesp——" the surprised reader is endeavoring to reply, when some cocksure "pundit" interrupts with a loud "Bacon!" Whereupon the followers of Raleigh, Essex, Southampton, and even of Good Queen Bess herself, surge forward, and pandemonium ensues. There is no way of putting a quietus on the discussion except by substituting an even more moot point; hence the problem, "Who Wrote 'Hamlet' First?" Never mind who wrote the last version of the play—who wrote it first?

Saxo Grammaticus, a twelfth-century Danish writer, found in the old sagas the original story of Prince Amleth. This strange tale reached William Shakespeare through a translation by Francis de Belleforest, in his French collection of "Tragical Histories," published in 1571. That the Shakespearean "Hamlet" existed before 1602 is not absolutely certain, though Nash mentions a play by that name in 1589, and Philip Henslowe, a theatrical manager of the day, notes that "Hamlet" was performed June 9, 1594, and then not as a new production. Two years later appeared a pamphlet by a certain Dr. Lodge, in which the author, writing of "Hate-Virtue" or "Sorrow for Another Man's Good Success," declares that it is "a foule lubber, and looks as pale as the visard of ye ghost, which cried so miserally at ye Theator, like an oister-wife, 'Hamlet reuenge.'" And another doctor, Gabriel Harvey by name, in 1598, makes a notation about "Hamlet" in his copy of Chaucer. It is also to be remembered that one of the characters in Dekker's "Satiro-Mastix," 1602, remarks, "My name's Hamlet reuenge: thou hast been at Parris Garden, hast not?" Obviously, then, there was in existence between 1589 and 1603 a play called "Hamlet" wherein a ghost appealed for revenge. But was this Shakespeare's "Hamlet"?

John Philip Kemble — William Charles Macready — Charles Kean

THREE FAMOUS HAMLETS OF THE ENGLISH STAGE

The playwright had evidently for some time been interested in the story of the Prince of Denmark; for, in 1585, a few months before Shakespeare attained his majority, he bestowed upon one of the twins born at his country home the name Hamnet, a variant of Hamlet. However, the first printed copy we possess of the tragedy is dated 1603; though, indeed, our modern version is much more like the second edition or quarto, published the following year. The title-page of this latter announces "The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke, newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Coppie." The first quarto passed out of knowledge and was not exhumed until 1823, when Sir Henry Bunbury found a copy of it in his closet at Barton. It differs widely from the later version, in language, nomenclature, order of scenes, and size. One full scene in it is not found in any later edition.

It has been assumed by many investigators that the later "Hamlet" represents Shakespeare's painstaking revision of his original play. "Plays are not written, but rewritten," we are told; and there seems no good reason why this axiom should not have applied equally as well in the days of good Queen Bess as now. Some have even thought that the 1603 "Hamlet" itself was in turn a revised version of the play that we have seen existed in 1589; but that is, of course, assuming that the latter was also from Shakespeare's pen.

Another theory, that is still more interesting, maintains that this abbreviated copy, resurrected by Sir Henry Bunbury, is not an original draft of the play, but is rather a pirated version, the main points taken down in a crude shorthand and the details written in largely from memory. Indeed, the black flag with the skull and bones was afloat on the theatrical sea in Shakespeare's day as now, a fact which explains why he always delayed the publication of his dramas till their newness had worn off. However, the 1603 edition seems even too different from the later "Hamlet" to be thus accounted for. Polonius and Reynaldo are called Corambis and Montano; and the player-king's speech, instead of being as later of a stilted bombast parodying some of the "high tragedy" of the day, is written in musical cadences no different from the poet's usual style. So the piratic theory seems to be less well-founded than that of the revision, especially when we recall that it was then customary, by altering the lines, to keep successful plays up-to-date.

However this may be, the relationship of the unquestionable Shakesperean "Hamlet," dating at least from 1603, to that other "Hamlet" of the four or five preceding years, whose most salient feature was a ghost crying for "reuenge," is a considerably more difficult problem.

It is somewhat further complicated by the existence of a German treatment of the same subject, called "Der bestrafte Brudermord," or "Fratricide Punished."

That eminent Shakespearean scholar, the late Dr. Furnivall, was convinced that none of these earlier references to a play of "Hamlet"—such as Nash's phrase (1589), "whole Hamlets—I should say handfuls—of tragical speeches," and the other mentions already cited—were evoked by Shakespeare's play. They refer, he thought, to an old tragedy by the same name, but by another author. In support of this theory, he advances much valuable evidence, and he advocates the piratic origin of our earlier edition. It would seem evident that Shakespeare, according to custom, taking an old play or tale for his foundation, has transformed a less artistic and more resolute Hamlet, who, as in the ancient saga, swept on to his revenge and his father's throne, into the thought-burdened irresolute who brings about his own defeat. As for "Fratricide Punished," there is nothing to prove its existence until some years later, in 1710.

This German tragedy, however, is markedly like Shakespeare's play in many respects, being probably a vulgarization of it. Some critics, on the contrary, maintain the view that both the English and the German drama are drawn directly from the original, lost "Hamlet"—called for convenience the "Ur-Hamlet"—without bearing any other relationship to each other. At all events, the authorship of this "Ur-Hamlet" becomes the primary problem.

One of the most common solutions ascribes the old play to Thomas Kyd, author of the celebrated "Spanish Tragedy." Kyd was a dramatist of much inventive stagecraft, who wrote plays of horror to suit the crude popular taste of the day. "The Spanish Tragedy" won widespread approval in England, Holland, and Germany. Hieronimo's discovery of his son's body swinging at a rope-end, appealed strongly to the Elizabethan imagination, as did his instant determination upon revenge. The revenge idea grew out of the Senecan tragedy in part, and from the Teutonic epics and sagas, as well. Like

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The pilgrims' procession crossing to the stage of the Roman Amphitheatre at Fiesole

THE YOUNGER SALVINI'S OPEN-AIR PERFORMANCE OF SOPHOCLES' TRAGEDY, "ŒDIPUS," ON MAY 22, 1911

"Oedipus" Acted in the Ruins of a Roman Amphitheatre

HARDLY an American travelling through Italy to-day that does not go to Florence; of those, few who do not climb from there to Fiesole to roam about the mountain citadel and from its heights to see Florence surrounded by her hills. No visitor to Fiesole who does not cross the Piazza Mino and go down the shaded side of the hill facing the north to roam among the ruins of the Roman ampitheatre. What a pity that all who have been there could not have returned to see the old ruins come to life once again with a tragedy of Sophocles acted by Salvini's son before a great crowd of nobility, strangers and peasants. Such an event actually happened during the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of Italian unity, which occurred in the spring of 1911. There were many "festas" throughout the land. Every hamlet had a dozen or more, but none was more characteristic. The play in the Roman Theatre in Fiesole was unique.

The Romans, during their days of triumph at Fiesole, built their amusement grounds on the north-facing side of the hill, opposite to that which commands the city of Florence. During the afternoon play hours the sun crossed the southern sky, and as it sank in the northwest the crest of the Fiesole hill-city threw a long, cool shadow down its northern slope. In the grace of that shadow the people lolled in their baths, played at their games or stretched themselves along the circling seats of their theatre in the sweetest of air—as sweet and vague a combination of cool and warm as chiaro-scuro is of light and dimness. At least so it is to-day, and probably nature has not changed, even if the pleasure palaces have fallen, the theatre has lost its pillars and porticos, and down the slopes march the olive trees and the almond and fig instead of whatever may have been there then.

The place is as overgrown with memories as an old wall with vines, and is, for that reason among others, dear to the people of Italy to-day. When, therefore, printed bulletins were hung in the streets of Florence and on the door of the Municipio and in the portico of the public fountain in Fiesole announcing that "Gustavo Salvini and a company of players chosen by him will present 'Œdipus' in the Roman ampitheatre at Fiesole on May 22, 1911, in honor of the Unification of Italy," word spread quickly throughout the kingdom and people from as far as Milan and Venice, and from Rome sent applications for seats.

When the day finally came an excitable wind gave promise of clearness. The spring had been stormy and no day was sure. But uncertainty of sunlight did not hold back the crowds. By two o'clock in the afternoon the white military road that winds up the Fiesole hill from Florence was black with automobiles, carriages, donkey carts and foot trudgers.

Across the old Piazza Mino a cordon of brilliantly uniformed carabinieri were drawn up and groups of peasants from the wine country to the north were there to see as much as they could of the doings. There was to be one great personage present and one whom all Italy has for many years been curious about—the Queen Mother, Margherita. When the Queen Mother's magnificent automobile swept up the ascent that led into the piazza and proclaimed by the silver crowns on its head lamps that it contained royalty, the guards drew up in double lines down the steep, narrow street that led to the ampitheatre's gates, and the populace sought roofs, garden walls and balconies.

Red carpet had been laid down to the car's step to meet Margherita's foot and mark her path under the theatre's low portals, around the high circle of its banks and down to the section reserved for the Queen. Those already seated and waiting rose as she passed, and everyone received a bow given with the royally intimate grace that distinguishes some of the older sovereigns of Europe.

For the occasion the stage, which had long since fallen completely to ruin, was rebuilt. So as not to look out of harmony with the rest of the theatre the new part dissembled its age. Its back wall was cracked in many places, sections of the cornice had fallen and moss streamed from an edge of the roof. The whole was made a weather-beaten color.

Suddenly at three o'clock, when the great circle of seats was filled and the grass terraces at the sides were dotted with people, the chorus, with white robes and long white beards, filed out from beneath the arch under the left wing of the theatre. Strange music came from somewhere—it was Greek music played on stringed instruments—and the chorus crossed the open space chanting. They passed behind the stage, came around on the other side and entered the pit of the theatre, grouping themselves on the platform in that central point of interest in the manner of the chorus from time immemorial.

Following the opening invocation by the Protagonist, Œdipus and the Priest came out from behind the gray wall of the stage and stood by one of the crumbling pillars. The play was on.

Others came in, draped in colors that brought the gray walls to life. They were glowing and varied colors. The Greek soldiers blazed in luminous reds with the antique armor of glinting brass. From their high helmets gorgeous feathers sprang. The women, with the exception of the terrible

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A Chat With Blanche Bates

In "Madame Butterfly"

THEATREGOERS received a shock last fall when Blanche Bates married George Creel, Police Commissioner of Denver, because rumor then had it that this popular actress would retire from the stage. But in this case the gossips were all wrong. Charles Frohman signed Miss Bates to star under his management for five years, and she will probably be seen at the beginning of next season as Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing," with John Drew in the rôle of Benedict. Meantime she has been playing in "The Witness for the Defense," on the road.

Under the management of David Belasco, Blanche Bates has created a following for herself that few actresses enjoy. As "Nobody's Widow" she was everybody's widow. Her portrayal of the character of Roxana in Avery Hopwood's sparkling comedy was whimsical, charming, sweet, lovable, naughty. What's more, it was no mere make-believe. Such a widow exists, and she is the exact counterpart of the one played by Miss Bates. She hails from Pasadena, the city of beautiful, young and wealthy widows. Says Miss Bates:

"After having played Roxana for several nights, I went to the opera one afternoon and met her for the first time in the flesh. She was a sweet-faced young girl about twenty but who looked sixteen, and was draped in the deepest mourning with a strikingly effective little touch of white in her bonnet and at the neck. Half under my breath, and with a start, I uttered, 'Roxana!' From that moment on I could not keep my eyes off the 'widow'—I was as bad as the men! I must meet her, and to my delight, after the opera, Geraldine Farrar introduced the real and the make-believe 'Roxana.' But whereas I am 'Nobody's widow,' she was the widow of a very wealthy old man, whom she had married only a few months before and who had promptly died. She did not have to serve her time. But she looked really grieved, and her dainty little handkerchief came very much into play—tears, tears, tears, but so sweetly beautiful. I wept, too, but with a mingled feeling of joy and sorrow over memories of 'The Girl,' who I had played for three seasons.

"This sweet young woman, who was keenly sensitive, lovable, adorable and dangerously attractive, was a living 'Roxana,' as I had pictured the character in my mind. Only I had met her after playing the part. It was a sort of reaction. I had seen her in my mind and transplanted her to the stage before having seen her in actual life. I can only account for this phenomenon because she was a *widow!* When Mr. Belasco gave me the part I immediately ransacked my memory for all of the widows, real and imaginary, that I had ever known. While rehearsing I made it a point to meet and see as many widows as possible. I prevailed upon all of my friends who knew widows to arrange dinners at which I could study their charms and wiles. Such a round-up of widows you never saw! I never knew there were so many widows at large. However, even this assortment kept changing—a widow to-day, a wife again to-morrow! There's no use talking, you can't keep a widow down. Before meeting the real, living 'Roxana' at the opera, I had built up the part by forming a composite character of nine of the ninety and nine widows I had studied. After seeing, observing and keenly studying this particular one, I was enabled to add a little touch here and a little touch there to my characterization, so that I really think I am *everybody's* widow, as you suggested. I invited this delightful little girl widow to come and see me play 'The Widow,' and do you know when she saw my dress in the first act she exclaimed:

" 'I must have a dress like that!' "

Miss Bates is a good horsewoman, and loves horses with that same high degree of affection that men show widows. A Western girl, horses were far from unfamiliar to her. Although born in Oregon, she calls herself a daughter of California, like so many other of our shining theatrical lights. And as such she was destined to play the Girl in "The Girl of the Golden West."

"I found 'the Girl' on a big ranch in Northern Colorado sev-

Byron Blanche Bates in the comedy "Nobody's Widow"

In "The Three Musketeers"

In "The Children of the Ghetto"

As Cigarette in "Under Two Flags"

As Yo San in "The Darling of the Gods"

In "The Girl of the Golden West"

Sarony

BLANCHE BATES

This well-known actress, who has signed a five-year contract with Charles Frohman, will be seen next September in a new play

eral years before I played the part," she said. "She was not Mr. Belasco's original, however, but she was the same magnificent type of true American womanhood."

Mr. Belasco founded the character upon a girl who lived many years ago on a ranch in Oregon, far from a railroad or settlement, whom he had seen when a boy and remembered. This girl made an indelible mark on his memory, and she had to come to life again in a play from his pen. There was no way out of it. After reading "The Girl of the Golden West" to the members of the company, Mr. Belasco painted a verbal picture of his Girl for Miss Bates, and when he had finished she said:

"Why, that is a perfect picture of Lottie, of the Black Valley Ranch in Colorado. Lottie was born on the big ranch, among miners and ranchers. Her mother died when she was a baby, leaving her the only woman-to-be a hundred miles around. There was not even a squaw to cook for the men. Soon Lottie's father, a rough miner, who had turned cow-puncher after failing to 'strike,' died. The tiny girl was adopted and brought up by the men, 'real men, men of blood, not of gold, like so many of your Eastern men,'" said the daughter of California. "As she grew up she cooked for the men, and kept their money in her 'hosiery' bank. And in time she came to hold a strong influence over them—she ruled these rough-and-ready men of the plains in a way that would make any king green with envy. They staked their lives on her. I first saw Lottie after my third season playing Yo-San in 'The Darling of the Gods.' I had gone to the Black Valley Ranch to recuperate, and I became intensely interested in this true child of nature, *this woman among men!* We were the only women on the ranch, or in that country for miles around, and I learned how to handle men of the rougher sort from their queen—for such was Lottie to them. And, too, that reminds me. That 'taking' bit of 'business' that made such a hit in 'Nobody's Widow'—*'on the spot'*—was imported from this ranch. When one of 'the boys' would overstep the bounds, either by using profane language or cheating at cards, the others would make him get down on his knees 'on the spot' before Lottie and apologize and beg her forgiveness. So when 'The Girl of the Golden West' was put on I summoned my recollections of Lottie together, and remembering that she had given me one of her dresses to wear while on the ranch, and that I had asked permission to take it away with me when I left, I hurried to the attic and dumped out the contents of three or four trunks, finding at last the dress. Then I endeavored to get 'under the skin' of the part, and did get in 'the Girl's' clothes. Save for the lines in the piece, that scene between Jack Rance, played so strongly and picturesquely by Frank Keenan, and myself at the bar, was taken in every gesture from a scene I had witnessed in actual life between Lottie and the sheriff of Black Valley. Really an actor or actress never knows when a happening in actual life in which they are interested to-day may be a stage scene to-morrow."

Copyright Charles Frohman
Joseph Cawthorn and Julia Sanderson in "The Sunshine Girl"

Miss Bates started to call Suki, her colored maid, then quickly stopped short and whitened a bit.

"Poor Suki," she moaned. "She was my maid for several seasons, both before and after playing 'The Darling of the Gods.' Suki was the original of both my Butterfly in 'Madame Butterfly' and Yo-San in 'The Darling of the Gods.' Our talking about the old plays brought back memories of her. She died a few seasons ago. Suki was one of those California Japanese who was not coarse in her humility, like most of the lower class Japanese as we find them on the Coast. She greatly aided both Mr. Belasco and me when these two Japanese plays were produced. She became my maid when I was playing in 'Under Two Flags' in San Francisco. From her I learned how to fan myself in true Japanese fashion, and, more important still, how to walk 'Japanesely.' Suki also taught me the proper way to sit down and to get up, to hold a cup of tea in my hand and to sip the tea, and the hundred-and-one little things that Japanese women do that, all added together, make them the most fascinatingly interesting women on earth. She taught me how to gain a Japanese accent with English words, by certain little inflections of the voice, thereby giving a Japanese swing to the lines and showed me the A, B, C's of Geisha-girl coquetry. And she helped me in my makeup to such an extent, in the part of Yo-San, especially, that on more than one occasion I was mistaken for Suki by different members of the company while standing in the wings!

"Dear little Butterfly, the sweetest part I ever played, and I copied Suki in every particular for my portrayal," she continued. "She always had a frightened way about her that was sweetly pathetic, as though her head was always under a sword.

"I will never forget her show of deep emotion and anguish when she received a letter from her brother telling her of the torture to death of her lover in far-away Japan on the eve of his departure to join her in San Francisco. She cried all that afternoon—it was a matinée day—and all during the evening performance crouched beside my trunk in the dressing room. That was during the last days of 'Under Two Flags.' Later, in 'Madame Butterfly,' in the scene where poor little Butterfly kills herself, I tried my best to be poor Suki over again when she received that letter. At every performance Suki would watch me most carefully from the wings—she seemed to be made happy over having that sad memory brought back to her. Again, in 'The Darling of the Gods,' I made use of the same anguishing touch in the chamber of horrors scene. It was Suki that I was playing, Suki, Suki!"

"And Cigarette?"

"She was just a dear little dream creature," answered Miss Bates. "But I did get a sort of inspiration and many points for makeup and for expression, too, from that wonderful painting of Joan of Arc in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Every day for weeks and weeks, both before

(Continued on page viii)

Memories of Mummers

HOW do actors remember all they have to say? How do they memorize their lines? Few, doubtless, are endowed with such a splendid memory as was Antonio Magliabechi, of Florence, who, having returned a borrowed manuscript and hearing it had been lost, repeated its entire contents. The summer girl has a difficult task to tell what is the story of a novel she has just skipped through! Yet these actors and actresses can take their prompt books and commit to memory play after play; not only the part they are to enact, but often every part in the production.

The present writer asked Billie Burke what method she had for commanding her memory as ably as Paul Cinquevelli commanded his nerves. She replied:

"My method of memorizing is first to study the sense, then each phrase, and then the words, until I know them almost backwards."

At that time Miss Burke, if I remember rightly, had impersonated exactly ten characters, much of her earlier stage career having been given to singing in vaudeville. How many of these rôles had she so thoroughly learned as to be able to go on without rehearsal?

"I think," she answered promptly, "I could play the parts without rehearsals."

It may be that Miss Burke—and some others—can be placed in Victor Hugo's class. The great poet is said to have had command of eight thousand words at will, and this despite the fact that the average person does not use more than three thousand and the professional writer's supply seldom exceeds five thousand. Hugo's memory may have been excellent, but even he was excelled in this respect by Dr. Joseph Leidy, for years president of the Academy of Natural Science of Philadelphia, who was able to use, on the spur of the moment, any of twenty-five thousand words—what he knew of four languages, including English, medicine, geography, geology and a general science together with many technical words.

Such figures bewilder one. How is it possible to possess such a wonderful memory? Of course, the cases cited are abnormal, for you must know what memory is: The mental capacity of retaining unconscious traces of conscious impressions or states, and of recalling these traces to consciousness with their attendant perception that they (or their objects) have a certain relation to the past. How is this capacity utilized? The actors furnish us with our best examples:

When the musical-comic actor, Jefferson De Angelis, was asked what his method of retention was, he said, in a semi-humorous way:

"I have no particular method of memorizing. I merely read my part over several times, and then decide that I have memorized it. I have no idea of the number of parts I have studied and played, but I am sure I could not appear in any of them without rehearsals—and much study."

Two instances can be cited where, for the purpose of memorizing, vastly dissimilar means were used to obtain a similar result: Years ago Brandon Tynan, who played Joseph in "Joseph and His Brethren," belonged to a stock company up State. Afternoon and evening performances were demanded, yet every morning, weather permitting and before rehearsal time, Tynan could be seen strolling along a street that led out to the country—a street of quiet lawns and shade trees—book in hand, committing to memory the lines for the week after the week following (the rehearsals for the next week's play began on the same day that a new play was put on; that is, a week in advance). With the lines of his rôle in "The Charity Ball" firmly fixed, with the lines for his characterization of Jacques in "The Two Orphans" perfected to rehearsal precision, he would be getting acquainted with the speeches of Little Billee in "Trilby," or perhaps it was a part in "A Social Highwayman."

Strauss-Peyton

MARGARET ANGLIN
Recently seen in Edward Sheldon's play, "Egypt"

When asked why he chose that certain stroll, the actor replied:

"For solitude. I'm away from everything, everybody and everywhere."

Some people have queer ideas as to what constitutes "solitude." Recently, in the subway in New York, four young actresses entered, seated themselves and began to peruse their inevitable prompt books. It was a noisy environment and the car was crowded, yet, answering a question, one young woman replied

Mishkin

ALLA NAZIMOVA, WHO IS NOW APPEARING AS MRS. CHEPSTOW IN "BELLA DONNA"

that they chose the subway for—well, its solitude. It was so noisy no one could interrupt them; and as they had grown accustomed to the noise they didn't mind it.

And while the more frivolous of the chorus are enjoying their lobster suppers, the chances are ten to one the curious investigator will find some ambitious member of the same chorus, a man or woman, who has been entrusted with a speaking part, standing 'neath the glimmer of an arc light memorizing. They study hard, patiently, but when they've got their lines they've got them.

Edwin Stevens used to say: "An actor to be successful must thoroughly learn all his rôles. I've played over two hundred, and I may truthfully say I was letter perfect in all of them."

Here, then, was a mentality surpassing the abnormal. I asked how many of these rôles he could put on without rehearsal.

"An absurd question," he replied with a smile. "No one can play rôles without rehearsals, as others in the cast are to be considered and your individual 'business' demands the team work to give artistic performance."

This would seem paradoxical but for the hidden hint that the rehearsal would "brush" the actor up in his part. But at the same time the method taken to learn the lines was worth knowing.

"My method is photographic," answered the comedian dryly and leaving me to guess as best I could exactly what his words meant.

Frank Sheridan, whose long-awaited success came with his performance of Capt. Williams in Eugene Walter's play, "Paid in Full," has the same method.

"I photograph the speech on my brain, with the aid of a general idea of the subject that I get from rehearsals and the reading of the part."

Mr. Sheridan believes thoroughly in stock company training. He has "stocked" and "barnstormed" all over the country.

Arnold Daly says he never takes a part that is uncongenial to him. But, absorbed as Mr. Daly becomes in characters he likes, he admitted that he could not attempt to play any of them without many painstaking rehearsals.

It is a well-known fact that much pains as actors take to learn their rôles, they forget the lines of a certain rôle almost as soon as they stop playing that character. The actor's memory is indeed like a sponge. It can absorb and retain until the absorption is no longer necessary; then it can be squeezed dry and prepared to receive other absorption. And, like the sponge, it will absorb the more readily after it has been frequently used in such a process. Thus far, then, the apparently surprising memory of actors can be explained on psychological lines, as being associated thought treading the line of least resistance.

JESSE G. CLARE.

To Nazimova in Bella Donna

Cursed with the thrall of the body,
Kin to the snake in the dust,
Kin to the dank flower of passion,
Salome, Lilith and lust.

Trailing her way through the shadows
(God give us pity for this!)
Faint with her own self-brewed poison—
Poison that lurks in her kiss.

Shamed and degraded, an outcast,
Baffled by sudden-closed door,
Trailing her way through the shadows,
Ever and forever more.

ANNE PEACOCK.

IN STOCK

WHEN the layman reads the above title he may be led to believe that the writer is about to discuss dry goods, boots, shoes or groceries. Nothing of the kind. "In Stock" deals with the stage and is the technical term for a special field of vast importance to the theatre-going public, to playwrights, theatre owners and managers.

When a play is first produced the manager is called upon by contract to give the play a hearing in a theatre of the first class on or before a certain date, which means a theatre in which the scale of prices is from 50 cents to $2.00 in New York. Outside of New York the scale of prices for most attractions, except for the great stars, is 25 cents to $1.50. The first half of the life of the successful play is about three years, and the country is so huge that during this period there may be from two to five companies playing this particular play all over the United States and Canada. This period brings the piece to the end of its days in the first-class houses.

It next goes into "stock," which is the second half of the life of every successful play. Let it be said here that the dramatist's contract with his manager may read "exclusive road rights," or "exclusive rights for United States and Canada." If the former, the manager controls the piece for the entire country, so long as he gives fifty performances in each season in a first-class theatre. Under this contract the author could not resume control of his play until the manager had defaulted on the fifty performances, but if the author's contract reads "Exclusive right," this means "stock rights" as well as "road rights" to the producing manager.

But this is a much-mooted point as between manager and playwright, and has led to more than one lawsuit. Of course, in every case the royalty follows the flag, as it were.

Photo Hall

PRISCILLA KNOWLES

The most popular actress in stock, with the astonishing record of three years' consecutive performances at the Academy of Music

At present writing there are at least one hundred and fifty stock companies in the country, divided into two classes: "Travelling Stock Companies" and those marked "Indefinite," which means that this "stock" is a fixture in that particular city. While some of these companies never close, an average season in a stock house is forty weeks, and as a new play is produced every week, this means that there are about one hundred and fifty plays a week produced all over the country and for the entire season about 6,000 acted weeks and probably about half that number of plays handled, because certain plays are in such demand that they are acted every week somewhere. Of these organizations, The Castle Square Stock Company of Boston is the oldest in point of continued existence. It never closes. It was through the building of this theatre that Col. Henry W. Savage got into the theatrical business. He is a Harvard graduate and an architect by profession.

The Castle Square Theatre and Hotel was a speculative venture on the part of himself and friends, but when it was built it had no street car facilities, and was then so far out of the way that the attractions playing there fared very badly. Col. Savage was compelled to take the matter into his own hands and put into shape the Savage Grand Opera Co., at 50 cents for the best seats. This was the beginning of a very successful career for the theatre.

For one reason or another the stock idea has never flourished on the Island of Manhattan. It has been tried at the Columbus, American, Murray Hill, Sherman Square, Academy of Music, but with the exception of the Academy of Music none of them has hung on very long.

Per contra, Brooklyn has been the stamping ground for stock companies and now the Bronx has two flourishing "stocks" and more to come. White Plains and Staten Island have their own "stocks," all of which are really Greater New York so far as amusements are concerned. But right on the Island of Manhattan the theatre-going public is so accustomed to the new play that there is not much attraction in the play that is from one to three seasons' old. Yet, according to expert calculation, every seven years produces a new public, boys and girls grown to be men and women, but perhaps as potent a factor as any in making a popular price stock house in Manhattan a business impossibility is the high cost of the land, and therefore a huge rent which wipes out the profits.

In the average town the rent that the manager can afford to pay for a theatre for stock use is about $400 a week. Contrast that with theatre rents in New York, *i. e.,* about $1,000 to $1,500 a week, and, of course, the profit would disappear in these figures. The Murray Hill, belonging to the Goelet Estate, had a rental of $24,000, and, as it is a small house, even when packed, the manager made nothing. With the above rent ($400, or even less) the manager can run his entire enterprise, including the company's

salaries, orchestra, all salaries back of the curtain line and the front of the house, advertising, bill posting, show printing, and an average royalty of about $300 a week. His average business, about $3 500, showing a profit for forty weeks of $20,000, not excessive for the risk assumed.

The stock company theatres have been a perfect godsend to the owners of theatre property throughout the country. The moving-pictures and the cheap vaudeville houses have wiped out of existence what were known as the "popular priced houses," *i. e.*, those theatres whose scale of prices is from 25 cents to $1.00 in the boxes. These theatres were largely given over to cheap melodramas, but the melodrama became so tawdry and lurid that they wore out their welcome, and most of the theatres they occupied are now stock houses.

White
OZA WALDROP
Appearing with the Manhattan Players at the Lyceum Theatre, Rochester, N. Y.

Brooklyn leads the country now in the number of its stock companies, having five; New York, including the Bronx, three; Philadelphia, four; Boston, two; Chicago, four; Wichita, Los Angeles, each two; Pittsburgh, at one time a great stock company centre, now has only one. These represent the "Winter Stocks." As soon as the regular theatrical season ends on June 1st the "Summer Stocks" spring into life, over 100 being added to the regular list, extending all the way from Peck's Island, Portland Harbor, Maine, where there is a famous "stock," taking in all the country clear up into Vancouver and British Columbia and as far south as New Orleans, where there is one stock company that never closes.

Brooklyn was the vantage point for several seasons of the very talented Spooner family, consisting of Mrs. Spooner and her two daughters, Edna and Cecil. These player-folk had been originally known as "repertoire people," playing the smaller towns for a week at a time, giving fourteen performances a week and a different play at each performance, the scale of prices being 10, 20 and 30 cents, known in the profession as "10-20-30 centers." Even at these prices they accumulated considerable money. But the whole family acted, including the father and a son. The latter, a boy about eighteen, wore a handsome gold-laced uniform, and between acts sold photos of the family in the lobby of the theatre. As soon as the curtain rose he came on and played the "bits," and no matter which play it was the same star-spangled uniform clothed him. These people were wonderfully clever at advertising themselves. After each matinée performance they raised the curtain and held a reception on the stage to the entire audience, and it took an able-bodied policeman to keep the women in check and to prevent them rushing pell-mell on the stage in order to shake hands with a real actress. Strawberryade was also served at these receptions and ladled out to all comers by one of the ladies of the cast. Their second week in Brooklyn they put on as the bill a play they had had in repertoire on the road, and upon the evening in question they invited the author to come over and see them act his play, something he had never seen them do. When he reached Brooklyn he found the play announced as having been produced under his personal direction. He had seen only one rehearsal. At the close of the third act it is usual in these stock houses for the leading man to appear before the curtain, make a speech and announce the play for the coming week. In the middle of this speech the author felt his sleeve tugged at and heard the head usher say that "Mrs. Spooner wants to see you on the stage at once." Off he rushed to reach the first entrance just in time to hear the leading man announce in graceful terms that the distinguished author being present would now address the audience, and before he realized it the unhappy playwright was facing a packed house, making his maiden speech.

Gould & Marsden
WILLARD WEBSTER
Who plays juvenile parts in stock at Union Hill, N. J.

The summer "stocks" are frequently augmented in drawing powers by the visits of distinguished actors from the regular ranks who figure as "stock stars" and play engagements of from two to four weeks in each city, receiving often as much as $1,000 a week for their services. Prominent among those who have appeared in this way have been James K. Hackett, Charlotte Walker, Richard Bennett, Margaret Illington, Arnold Daly, Max Figman, Amelia Bingham, Rose Stahl, Nat. C. Goodwin, and many others. Ellitch's Gardens in Denver and Suburban Gardens in St. Louis, and the entire Pacific Coast, are favorite points for the star in summer "stocks."

In most cases these "stocks" give fourteen performances a week, a matinée every day; others only nine performances, including three matinées. The companies rehearse all morning, and each actor is expected to come "letter perfect" and rehearse without his part on Thursday morning. Dress rehearsals are held on Sunday mornings.

The lazy mind has no conception of the amount of work entailed upon the actor. At each performance he is acting in a play that may be new to him. Between acts, while making his change, he has the manuscript of his part spread out on his dressing table, conning his lines in the next act, and all morning he is working hard on the new play for the following week.

In the old stock days it was quite different. Each actor had in his repertoire certain parts in which he was accustomed to play season after season, but to-day the actor must do such quick study that he can get ready in six days' rehearsals a part he has never played in a play he has never seen. A good many actors shy at the work of "two a day," and claim that "in stock" breeds careless ways and is a bar to progress in the art of acting. But like all other conditions in life, this depends upon the individual. It is true that the stage managers save no time to develop actors nor correct faults at rehearsals, still "in stock" is an enormous opportunity for the young actor. When it is remembered that such stars as Dorothy Donnelly, Grace George and Frances Starr are graduates of "in stock" companies, one has sufficient evidence of a survival of the fittest.

In the stock companies of to-day the leading man and the leading woman receive from $100 to $200 a week. If the leading man is a "good-looker," a "good dresser," he earns his money because the women patrons of these houses still have romantic ideas of the hero behind the footlights. After any matinée at one of these stock houses a mob of women may be seen about the stage door waiting for the leading man to make his exit. And when he comes their

admiration takes the form of silent adoration and not uncommonly an humble posey thrown at his feet. These women are on a par in lunacy with the "Johnnies" who frequent the stage door of the musical shows.

One of the great requisites that the stock manager demands is that the people of the company shall be good dressers on and off the stage and that they shall comport themselves in private life as ladies and gentlemen. These companies are local institutions, the members of each company are local favorites, and each actor as he enters at each performance gets his "hand," and the entire organization must have the trade mark of good conduct or they forfeit the respect of the community and the theatre loses its business.

White

SALLIE FISHER

Recently seen in the title rôle of "Eva"

An actor engaged for Stock must have a wardrobe to dress anything. A glance at a week's schedule shows a vast variety of plays running the gamut from "East Lynne" through "Arsène Lupin," "Dorothy Vernon," "Barbara Frietchie," "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie," "The Chorus Lady," "Old Curiosity Shop," "Faust," "Raffles," "The Girl of the Golden West" to "Convict 999," and as the plays that are in demand usually swing round the circle, it will seem from our list herewith that an "In Stock" wardrobe is an elaborate outfit and the investment of a great deal of money, particularly for the leading lady. There are also some amusing results of incongruities in costuming plays, particularly when they stage a war play; then band uniforms, policemen and postmen discards are plentifully mixed up as U. S. A. and C. S. A., and the results would make the authorities at the Gray's Ferry Arsenal in Philadelphia have fits. As to what is called the "production" scenery, properties, etc., the old-established "Stocks" such as the Castle Square in Boston; Orpheum Players at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia; the Alcazar in San Francisco; Marlowe in Chicago; Belasco and Burbank in Los Angeles maintain a fine staff of scene painters and stage carpenters, and can and do stage all of their productions upon a fine scale, sometimes putting on Shakespeare in first-class style.

The vast importance to the author of this stock system cannot be overestimated. Even when a play has only been partially successful on the road it has a career "In Stock," because the demand for the play that is new to these stock audiences is incessant. "The Prisoner of Zenda" brought as royalty one thousand dollars a week in stock, which included use of uniforms, scenery, etc. "The Lion and the Mouse," "Paid in Full," "The Squaw Man," "The Girl of the Golden West" from $500 to $1,000 a week. It varies according to the size of the city. Boston can pay more than Worcester, Philadelphia more than Williamsport, Brooklyn or the Bronx more than White Plains, Chicago more than Wichita, San Francisco and Los Angeles more than Oakland, and so on.

A play that is valuable in stock can easily bring a playwright $50,000. A low average price for the first two years of a play in stock would be $500 a week. Of course some companies will not do it; but there are at least fifty of them that will grab at it. That is $25,500, and then come the secondary and summer stocks, and after these the repertoire companies and the stock stars There is no end to the money coming to the author. All of this business is transacted through the playbrokers, who are paid a commission of ten per cent for their services. It is astonishing how many women succeed in this work. The American Play Company has Miss Elizabeth Marbury as president and Miss Helen Tyler as manager; then come Miss Alice Kauser, Mrs. H. C. de Mille, Miss Fitzgerald, who runs Wm. A. Brady's Play Bureau; Mrs. Helen McCaffrey (Nellie Lingard of the old days), and then a string of male agents: John W. Rumsey, Selwyn & Company, Sanger & Jordan. Darcy & Walford, and A. Milo Bennett in Chicago, and playbrokers in nearly every first-class city in the country, and some whose only clientèle are the play pirates.

A much-favored royalty plan for in stock is a fixed percentage of five or ten per cent of the gross receipts for the week, with a guarantee that the royalty shall not be less than $250-$500. All these terms vary according to the capacity of the theatre to pay.

Of course these high royalties cannot be paid by all of the "Stocks." Many of them wait until the play is several years old and then get the best plays as low as $100 or even less. It is wonderful that towns like Paducah, Ky., Franklin, La., and Bayonne, N. J., can support a "Stock" at all. The best stock houses will see to it that in the bad weeks for business, such as Holy Week and the week before Christmas, the royalty is on a cheaper basis.

Any play that has had a life of three years in the first-class houses will bring the author $10,000 a year for several years, and if he does not treat it as income, but passes it to a capital account, he soon becomes a very rich man. Charles Klein has received in stock royalties in two and a half seasons for "The Lion and the Mouse" alone over $30,000. Augustus Thomas received from a playbroker for his old plays a three-year contract, $8,000 a year, and on top of this the broker made his profit.

The bed rocks upon which this "In Stock" system is built are: First, the up-coming generation who wishes to see the plays that were their parents' favorites; second, their subscription system. This system grew to a flourishing status, first at the Forepaugh's Opera House in Philadelphia, where it was the outgrowth of another system known as the "benefit system." This consisted of various social societies engaging to sell seats for their own benefit on certain nights in the week at the first-class theatres whereby these societies received a substantial "rake off." But this benefit system has been so much abused that many of the first-class road attractions refuse to allow it. Here are some

figures that are a revelation. The Castle Square Theatre in Boston has a scale of prices for matinées 15c., 25c. and 50c.; for evenings 15c., 25c., 50c., 75c. and $1.00. It has a seating capacity of 1,835 and plays to $7,000 a week. It has a company of nineteen people besides office staff, stage carpenters, scenic artists, property men and wardrobe mistresses; in all about forty people. It has a subscription list of 4,100 persons. This means a nucleus of an audience for the entire week. Strictly speaking these houses are a survival of the old-time "family houses," where people go *en bloc,* sending their sons and daughters, because they know that what they are to see is worth the money and that it is sure to be a clean, wholesome entertainment. The hold these "In Stock" houses have upon their patrons is something remarkable. Subscribers retain their seats from year to year, paying for them in advance, at a small discount.

In the Bronx, New York, the Metropolis Theatre, with Cecil Spooner as stock star, has a subscription list of 7,500 with gross receipts a week of $6,000.

There have been many movements set on foot to form circuit among these "In Stock" houses to develop new plays, but so far without success. There is too much divergence of opinion among the managers as to what should be produced and also too much petty jealousy to prevent them deciding upon any play. But there are individual producers of new plays at these houses, notably Mr. John Craig, manager and leading man of the Castle Square Theatre, Boston; Fred Belasco (brother of David) of the Alcazar, San Francisco; and Blackwood and Morosco of the Belasco and Burbank Theatres, Los Angeles, California. Some of the plays so produced and that have become famous are "The End of the Bridge," "The Tenderfoot," "The Dollar Mark," "The Arab," "The Country Boy," "Bought and Paid For," "The Price," "The Man of the Hour," etc.

Some of the "travelling stocks" make use of some odd expedients when business is bad and hard-hearted show printers will not deliver any show print except "C. O. D." One of these managers with a fertile imagination supplied himself with a stock of chalk and instead of papering the dead walls of the town, chalked his own name and that of his company all over the pavements of the town until stopped by the police. A travelling stock star had all of his company capable of playing some kind of a band instrument, and upon his arrival in each town was met at the station by an open hack, gayly decorated with flags, paid for with "comps." to the hack-driver's entire family, and headed by the band and followed by the ladies of the company, also in flag-bedecked carriages, to the local hotel, where, after registering for himself and the entire company, he always drew a roll of stage money from his pocket wrapped with one genuine $1 bill, and handing it ostentatiously to his manager so that the gaping crowd that had followed the band and the show people might see it, said:

"Use this when it will do the most good."

This man is now a prominent "In Stock" manager in Brooklyn.

The stage manager of these "In Stock" houses is about the hardest-worked individual of the entire organization. He must cast each play from the people he has. He is not in New York where he can get a recruit in half an hour; he must make out all the plots, property, calcium, electric, line and scene plots; sometimes these are furnished with the Mss., or are part of it, but not always. He is rehearsing one play and making ready to "put on" the next. But when a "super" play (a play with supers) is on the schedule then woe is his lot. You may teach a horse his part in three days, but a lot of supers, recruited from grocery boys, etc., are just plain everyday lunkheads. They were rehearsing a political play in a stock house in which the candidate read his letter of acceptance to the County Committee and a number of "supers" had recruited as described. At one point the "C.C." were to become at a given cue so enthusiastic at the candidate's remarks that they were to cheer vociferously three times and the candidate was to pause until the excitement died down. The stage manager had found this lot of "supers" unusually stupid, so he arranged that when they entered they were to plant themselves in front of the fireplace and he stationed himself behind the chimneyplace so that he could prompt them in case they should not "pick up" properly their cue with the cheers. The candidate swung into his peroration and the time came for the cheers, but not a whoop, at which the stage manager from behind the scenery called out to them: "Cheer, cheer, cheer!" whereupon the entire County Committee fell on their hands and knees and looked and cheered up the chimney. Then the curtain fell as the audience yelled.

HARRY P. MAWSON.

Matzene

LAURA HOPE CREWS
Lately seen in "Her First Divorce," at the Comedy

White

ROBERT HILLIARD

This popular actor has been appearing as Detective Asche Kayton in "The Argyle Case," at the Criterion

The Author at a "First Night"

Moffett

MARJORIE WOOD
Who played the rôle of Wanda in "The Woman" on the road

IN the theatre lobby, after the third act, the Unproduced Dramatist ran into the Successful Playwright, who had just escaped from the stage after responding to three curtain calls and ferocious, not to say bloodthirsty, demands for a "Speech!" The play was a success. There seemed to be no question about that, for, aside from the noisy, undiscriminating applause, almost inevitable at "first nights" in New York, which had brought out all the leading members of the cast, as well as the author, there was the testimony of the scraps of favorable comment to be heard on all sides as the *entr'acte* crowd moved out for a cigarette and fresh air.

"Good speech of yours, old man!" observed the Unproduced Dramatist to the Playwright. "Sounded extempore, too. I can understand that a man is inspired to 'orate' well when he has just heard his lines spoken and seen his original ideas worked out before the footlights by a good company, and realizes that his play has made a hit. I envy you your feelings to-night."

The playwright shrugged his shoulders as the two went into the smoking-room and lighted up.

"So you think there's pleasure in hearing and seeing the first performance of your play, do you? Wait till that one of yours is put on and you will find out."

There was no mistaking the irony and disgust in the Successful Playwright's tones, and the fact that he pulled furiously at his cigarette, instead of inhaling with the tired placidity which good form in cigarette-smoking demands, gave powerful token of inward perturbation.

"I flattered myself this play of mine was actor-proof," he went on. "Not only was I careful that the plot should be as well built and logical as I could do it, that the interest should be cumulative, the suspense unbroken, and the climaxes unforced as well as powerful, but I took particular pains with the dialogue. In these 'problem plays,' as they call them, what the characters say is even more important than what they do, and of equal importance is the way they say it. So I labored at my speeches harder than I ever did before. I wrote and rewrote, and I always recited the lines over and over to make sure that the proper inflection came so easily that it would be hardly possible for them to be read in any other way. Of course, the stage director wanted to change most of them. Stage directors always do. They think they can write better dialogue than the author."

He looked around to see if there happened to be a stage director within hearing. There wasn't, and he went on:

"Fortunately, I have had enough plays put on and made good with them to insist on having my own way. So, with a few exceptions—to each of which I had consented, for I am always open to conviction, you know—my dialogue was not interfered with."

"The actors speak it as you wrote it, then?"

"No—confound them!" roared the Successful Playwright. "That's exactly what they don't do. There was hardly an effective speech in those three acts to-night that was not spoiled in the delivery. I have not attended many of the rehearsals. No author should, if he has any respect for his nerves. So the stage director and the actors worked their own sweet will in my absence, and the result is what you have just heard in the three acts they have done."

"The dialogue seemed to me particularly graceful," ventured the Unproduced Dramatist, "and I thought every 'point' was driven home."

"If you had read the script you wouldn't say so. The way they riddled my lines was maddening. Different meanings have been read into the text until it is all a muddle, and over and over again I wanted to go back on the stage, lick the leading man and the principal comedian—particularly the latter—and ring down the curtain. As it was, I could only sit in front, listen and wonder what would be the next outrage. I believe I have a fair acquaintance with the English language, and I chose my words most carefully in writing the lines, so that the speech of each character should reflect something of his or her habit of mind—as is the case in real life. Well, you heard what those people back there did with the dialogue. Expressive? Not a bit of it! Most of it sounded like a man reading proof on a country newspaper."

The Successful Playwright took another cigarette, but he was so angry he couldn't hold the match still enough to get a light, as he growled:

"And you think it is pleasant for an author to be present on the opening night of his play! I tell you it is anguish. And the hard part of it is that you can't *do* anything. There you are, in the audience, while the actors blunder on in their smirking, fatuous way, murdering your lines, smothering your dramatic situations and wrenching your plot out of joint at every angle. Nothing can stop an actor when he

(*Continued on page vii*)

Photo Sarony

MARY BOLAND
Who has been appearing with John Drew in Alfred Sutro's comedy, "The Perplexed Husband"

White

HOPE LATHAM
Who is to be seen shortly in Burt Sayre's new play, "Ransomed"

The Decline of Acting

ONCE, when serving as a play reviewer, the present writer took occasion to praise a certain character actor who has since made his final exit from the boards. He was portraying a ferocious, brutal type, and, in the course of the action, he ate, or rather devoured, a meal. To his appropriate manner of feeding I called special attention, pointing out that both observation and skill had entered into the manner in which

> "O'er joint and gristle and padded paw
> He fought and clawed and tore,"

growling the while with all the savagery of the Hyrcan tiger. A year or so later, falling in with this same player, I had him out to dinner. Imagine my—if not amazement, at least amusement—when I observed that in private life the gentleman ate exactly as did his brutal stage characterization.

There is philosophy in this anecdote, if only one can find it out. Of course, a long process of playing similar brutal rôles may have had its unconscious effect upon the actor in question. We hear much nowadays about the reactions of the part upon the player; and perhaps this is a case in point. The odds to the contrary, however, are great. Anyone who might have watched this particular (thought not *too* particular) actor during his career would have observed that he succeeded only in raw, crude brute-force characterizations; that, whereas he several times essayed very different, subtle, refined rôles, in these he promptly and invariably failed.

And then, if one were to make a study of the "art" or the methods of this mummer, one would quickly note that he played all parts practically the same; that such differentiation as he accorded to his various efforts was no more than that which the veriest beginner in acting would essay. Putting all the facts together, one would reach the obvious conclusion that this player played only himself—with merely minor variations. And yet he ranked high in histrionic circles; he was sought after by managers and reckoned one of our most important near-stars.

If this instance were an exceptional one, it would, of course, be insignificant. Manifestly, however, it is not exceptional. There is common complaint from critics and patrons of the theatre everywhere that far too large a proportion of our acting to-day is like that which I have just described. "Looking the part" has grown to be the first essential in all acting—a result, of course, of our wild goose chase after the evasive bubble of realism. Time was when we were contented with little reality in our stage trappings, so long as the player by his art conveyed the fundamental illusion of real human emotion. But nowadays it is different. The desired actor is he that most nearly *is* in personal appearance the individual he must play. "Looking" is the fundamental requisite; acting is merely secondary. And so, if we want a "country jake" in our rural drama, why not go to the village store and get the real article? At least, let us not even consider employing some Coquelin, who may ordinarily look like a good-natured baboon, but who, being a true actor, can play with equal perfection the clown in Molière or the hero in Racine. I marvel that, when "Chantecler" was done, at least on this side, the producers were able to suppress the feeling that only real chickens could "look the parts."

Now, if there be a decline in our acting to-day, as many maintain that there is, it is due to no one cause more than to this pernicious "part-looking" policy so universally in vogue. Somehow it has played havoc with our very ideals of acting. Ask the man on the aisle what true mumming consists in, and see how puzzled he is to reply. Then ask the woman with him, and observe how their answers diverge. It is even so with professed critics. These doctors also only too often disagree.

It is much easier to ascertain what good acting is *not*. To begin with, it is evidently not staginess—conventional gestures and attitudes and conventional sonority of language. That sort of thing used to impress the groundlings, but even they have turned against it now. Moreover, good acting is not mere elocu-

Moffett

HAZEL DAWN

This popular actress has been appearing in the title rôle of "The Pink Lady"

Moffett

E. ARLINE FREDERICKS

Who has been appearing with Eddie Foy in the musical farce, "Over the River"

tion, mere amiable stage presence, mere poise and deliberation; though it often contains all these elements.

Some time ago a stock company moved from one large city to another for a fortnight's presentation of a new play in which it took much pride of discovery. In reviewing the first performance, one critic in the second city, a man by the way of deserved national repute, expatiated on the acting of the leader of the stock company in most glowing terms. The player was lauded as a second George Alexander, having that celebrated London actor-manager's beautifully tempered style; precise and elegant, but forcible diction; commanding and well-poised bearing; and, "for an actor so piously reticent, his flashes of expressiveness are delightfully real and unforced." Another reviewer, of quite equal abilities, on the same morning headed his column as follows: "Mr. John Blank is a player of the showily repressed type, adorning his impersonations with abnormal accuracy of diction and much faultless grace of movement. When he uses the telephone, for instance, you can beat time to the several motions employed in the operation, so metrically are they strung together. He gives his hat and coat to the butler in iambics, and his low, tense voice is replete with cadence, as he says, perhaps, 'Edwards, I shall dine alone this evening.' Edwards, like all stage butlers, can never make his exits uninterrupted. Mr. Blank calls him back each time with 'And, by the way, Edwards,' or 'And, Edwards, one moment, please,' uttered with soft precision—poised, elegant and impressive."

It happens that I have seen something of Mr. Blank and his methods, both on and off the stage, throughout a recent season. And I must say without hesitation that, to the best of my judgment, the second reviewer's estimate of his acting is absolutely right. Mr. Blank, though heading a stock company that rarely plays the same bill longer than a week, acts all parts in the same key—his own "B natural." If the character is different from himself he is "miscast." From Richard III to Arsène Lupin, he is always "poised, elegant and impressive."

Good acting, whatever it may be, certainly is not just "looking" and being a part—it is not just walking on and saying the lines in a voice slightly intensified and producing the "business" with movements slightly exaggerated. That is the kind of acting our craving for realism is giving us so much of nowadays, but it is not good. It makes for the stultification of the artist and the annihilation of the art.

I can fancy some incorrigibly optimistic reader saying long ago, "Here is another malcontent, raising the perennial hue and cry against the status of the stage!" I beg not to be so classified. I know quite well that it has been the fashion since Aristophanes, or earlier, to lament the dramatic and histrionic decline. I know equally well that in certain respects our theatre to-day, as it ought to be, is far in advance of that of any former period. I understand, too, that all the great players—the Booths, the Rachels, the Garricks—have not lived at the same time. I am likewise familiar with the fact that stage conditions have changed, that our theatre to-day is no longer rhetorical, but pictorial, and therefore the setting for a new and different style of acting. I even share in the feeling that, if some Roscius of yore were to recrudesce and join the ranks of one of our all-star companies to-day, we should find his antiquated technique distinctly unpleasing and ineffective.

But I am none the less convinced that the tendency of our time is to reduce the noble art of acting from something a little greater than almost any other art to a comparatively trivial and mechanical craft. We need rejuvenated ideals; more emphasis upon versatility; more organized and substantial training; perhaps, above everything else, a solid foundation of general education and culture, upon which our younger players may build their art.

C. A.

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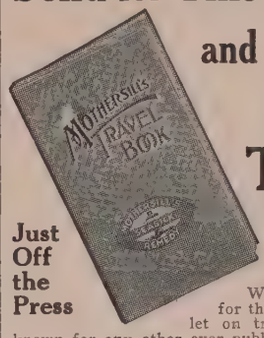

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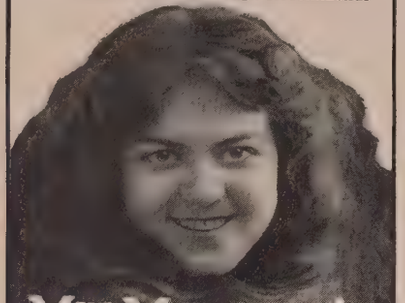

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It Iss Permissable

(*Continued from page 14*)

for liquid refreshments to the restaurants after the theatre, by bad actors. They are so bad that they are thirsty. If the mayor would not allow some actors to act, peoples would go straight home after the theatre so exhausted from laughing or from crying that they could do nothing else.

The demand for entertainment is so great that almost anybody who has nerve can get $75 a week acting, which is too much. I remember the time when I finally got $40 a week as a actor, and I thought that would be the limit. When I got $175 during my first engagement with the Weber and Fields star cast I was more than pleased, I was excited. Later, I was not sure whether $500 a week was a skin game on me.

Now it is permissable!

It is impossible to get together a star cast such as Weber and Fields used to have at their old music hall to-day. There are so many theatres that must be kept open all over the country, that there are not enough stars to go around, and some of them come back only to go out again. The stage is suffering from overproduction, the stocks is more than the customers expect. It is permissable, but it will not last. The legitimate plays either dramatic or musical will always survive, and the people will get tired of moving pictures and bad actors.

From the heart out, the moving picture iss not in it. It is the best for ten cents, but the American public soon gets tired of cheapnesses. The best iss always good enough, and I don't believe the theatre will loose any of its real value by the intrusiveness of moving pictures. They have only hurt the gallery, they have not affected the best seats in a theatre so much. The musical shows of to-day are more than a sufficiency. The dresses are more elegant, the girls more beautiful, and the music better than it was before. What once was is no longer permissable.

The stage Irishman is gefutch. Harrigan and Hart finished him. And the old-time Hebrew comedian, such as Dave Warfield used to do so well, has become offensive to the Jewish race. Not because people have grown tired of his humor, but because the new race of American Jews have sprung from him. Although they have surpassed him in manners and style, and ways of living, he is the man who fought their battles for them, he is the ancestor they respect, and his comical appearance, with his hat pulled down over his ears, and his long black beard, and his patient endurance of stings and slights, represent the whole courage and survival of the race in the new country.

Now the kind of German Jew that I am representing in my work is not offensive, because in spite of the racial fact, I am presenting the modern Jew, whose attitude toward the Christian race is a revealation of the sentiment and broader humanity of his kind. In my character of Hoggenheimer I remember Mr. Frohman's suggestion that I should have to give him a touch of real sentiment, to shake hands with my enemy as it were, so as to give a fair impression of the German Jew character.

It was permissable!

Now while I do not agree with the mayor that he can close up Broadway at 1 A.M. with success, I am satisfied. If the peoples do not spend all their money in one night it will be best, because they will come to the theatre more often.

It is sufficiency.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

(*Continued from page 3*)

an average of about $4,000 a performance for twenty-two performances, and no one knows what Oscar Hammerstein lost at the Manhattan, since he never kept books. But he was ready to sell out soon afterward. Of course, there was this difference, that at that time the maximum price for each of these was five dollars per seat,

Grace Griswold Howard Hall Viola Dana Frank Currier

Act II. Gwendolyn: "Oh, Doctor, save me; it's Snake in the Grass!"

SCENE IN ELEANOR GATES' PLAY, "THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL"

so there was no popular price opera in the list.

Yet popular price opera has also had its fling, Oscar Hammerstein giving twelve weeks of what he called "educational opera" at the Manhattan, which, it is reported, left a deficit of $60,000. And years before that Maurice Grau and Henry W. Savage linked forces and gave a season of popular price opera at the Metropolitan, the losses of which are said to have totaled $72,000.

Now in "art for art's sake," or in the scheme of operatic philanthropy, monetary considerations are not important factors. In other words, losses do not count. But the sad fact is that the great public remained away in tremendous quantities from these popular price performances.

Those who have watched the opera-going public with interest for years have a suspicion that what the New York masses want is not $3 or $2 opera, but $6 opera at cheap prices. The public wishes to be assured that the opera it is hearing is the very best opera in the world. If cheaper opera is offered, the public is apt to suspect the quality of the offering.

The real solution of this opera problem will be found when the Metropolitan Opera House builds a new home, which it will do within a few years, and when there will be tremendous galleries to house the masses that want to hear $6 opera for $2 and less. Meanwhile, next season's experiments—for they will surely be little more—will bear watching. The City Club's project is based upon sheer enthusiasm, Oscar Hammerstein's is the result of an unquenchable ambition and ceaseless vitality which mark this impresario. Both ventures are practically doomed to be financial failures, which will matter not at all if they are successful in giving the masses the opera they are supposed to crave.

Who Wrote Hamlet First?

(Continued from page 20)

Hamlet's, however, Hïeronimo's revenge is delayed; and a play to test the suspected murderers is also introduced into the Kyd tragedy. It all ends in a bloody massacre; and a ghost, in the epilogue, gloats over the torments of the dead men in hell. The interesting question, then, is: Did the author of this drama also write the "Ur-Hamlet," which served as Shakespeare's model?

The primitive tale of lust, blood-feuds, and vengeance, which Saxo Grammaticus recounted, was undoubtedly of the sort that would appeal to Thomas Kyd. Its dramatization may have been prompted by a visit of certain English actors to the court of Elsinore in 1586; and this visit would suggest an important incident of the play. From Nash's and Lodge's satirical remarks, it seems evident that the "Ur-Hamlet" was of the Senecan type, full of "tragicall speeches" like "bloud is a beggar," and including a ghost that is absent from the Belleforest-Grammaticus tale. There are numerous striking parallels between "The Spanish Tragedy" and the earlier Shakespearean "Hamlet," so many, indeed, that the common parentage or an even more direct relationship in strongly indicated. Nevertheless, the reverse opinion is stoutly maintained by eminent scholars. Professor Dowden, for example, concludes: "The general style of the 1603 'Hamlet' is much more like that of an ill-reported play of that date than like the style of a play of Kyd's and Marlowe's time." Professor Boas, of Oxford, on the other hand, convinces himself, at least, beyond a reasonable doubt, that Thomas Kyd wrote the original "Hamlet," about 1587, an obscure tragedy which, when repeated June 9, 1594, at Newington Butts Theatre, brought in only eight shillings, if we are to trust Manager Henslowe's diary. Ben Jonson wrote an expanded version of "The Spanish Tragedy," which achieved popularity; and Professor Boas believes Shakespeare was merely repeating the process with another of Kyd's dramas, when he wrote "Hamlet." "The master-dramatist transformed what was probably a flamboyant presentment of the Prince of Denmark's irresolution into the subtle study of diseased emotion and palsied will with which the world is familiar."

A more conclusive statement in this connection, it may be added, is that of Dr. Schick, who writes: "Notwithstanding all the ingenuity expended on Kyd of late years, the ground on which we can put our foot with any firmness is still very small." The "Ur-Hamlet" and its authorship forms one of the impenetrable mysteries of literature, and impenetrable it will remain, doubtless for all time, unless some other good Sir Henry one day goes "Bunburying"—as they would say in "The Importance of Being Ernest"—and discovers in a dusty closet a quarto or a signed manuscript of the first English drama dealing with the melancholy Dane. CHARLTON ANDREWS.

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The Author at a First Night

(Continued from page 32)

is set going at a performance. I believe many of them cease thinking as soon as they get their cue. The average actor has rehearsed his part in a certain way, and he is all wound up, as it were. So all he can do when the time comes is to give you the goods as cut to measure, as mechanically as if they came out of a slot machine."

"But surely you don't mean to say there are no competent actors—intelligent men and women—who can grasp an author's meaning and realize his intentions?"

"By no means. I only insist that in most first performances these intelligent men and women show an aptitude for spoiling the dialogue and throwing the story out of harmony with the manuscript of the play which makes it painful for the author to be present. Of course, the usual rehearsal on the day after the *première* smooths out many of the rough places and leads to a much better presentation a few days later. That's the very reason a sensitive writer of plays, for his own sake, should keep away from the opening."

"But *you* are here," the Unproduced Dramatist reminded him with a smile.

"Of course I am. I always go to my own 'first nights.' I couldn't stay away. If I didn't go I should imagine things were worse than they are—if that were possible. There are very few playwrights who have the resolution to keep away from the theatre when they know a dozen or so of men and women on the stage are rending and

(Continued on page ix)

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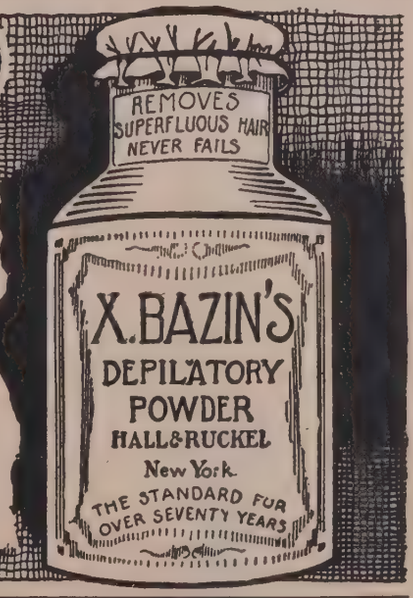

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A Chat with Blanche Bates

(*Continued from page 24*)

and during the rehearsals, and even after the play was 'on,' I visited the art museum and communed with that painting."

"For your part in 'The Children of the Ghetto,' I presume you made daily visits to Hester, Orchard and other East Side streets in New York's Ghetto?"

"Not a bit of it. I am not one of your rubberneck sociologists," replied the actress. "First of all, Mr. Zangwill very carefully drew a mental picture of his conception of the part for me, and so realistically that I could not help but see and act her as he meant her to be. Later, in London, I met his sister, Hannah. The moment she took a cup of tea I knew that Mr. Zanwill had written the part around her. Then I studied his sister, and Mr. Zangwill afterwards told me that I really '*lived* the part.'"

Previous to 1898, when she first joined the Augustin Daly Company, Blanche Bates had proven herself an able emotional actress by her acting of Phyllis in "The Charity Ball," and had played "The Dancing Girl"; and among many more or less varied rôles, Nora in Ibsen's "A Doll's House." Then after appearing in a number of Shakespearean parts, she created the Countess Mirtza, in Augustin Daly's notable production of "The Great Ruby." Although she only played the part twice at Daly's she completely took Broadway and firmly established herself as one of the best of American actresses.

"It will surprise everyone to know that the original of the Countess Mirtza was none other than Maxine Elliott," Miss Bates half whispered. "Maxine Elliott, the woman, I put into my portrayal of the Countess Mirtza. And I want everyone to know that Maxine Elliott is a *big*, big actress, too, as well as a big and handsome woman. Because of her wonderful beauty people have lost sight of the fact that she is a really big actress.

"And it is curious when I stop to think of it. It was Maxine Elliott's advice that won my engagement with Mr. Daly. She told me, when I was going to see him:

"'*Say nothing and get through with it.*'

"I did, and he took me in his company."

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(*This article will be found on page xi*)

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Ruins of a Roman Amphitheatre

(*Continued from page 21*)

Clytemnestra who trailed about in black, were clad in minor tones, though they were girded and their hair bound with jewels. It was revelry for the senses as were the inconstant mysterious music from the distance and the intermittent chanting of the chorus.

There must be a great influence exerted by the walls and roof of a theatre because when they are taken away, leaving only the auditorium and stage, as in a Roman amphitheatre, the whole art of acting and the drama in their effect on the spectator are different. Nature is substituted for scenery, and at the same moment reality is added to imagination—for imagination still lies in the lines. When Salvini rushed out upon the stage, ran down its steps and flung his arms up in prayer to the sun, crying in his ringing tones "O Sole!" the hearer in a flush turned pagan. There hung the sun listening. A tense silence swept over the audience. It was almost as though something might happen; as though the sun might send a visible answer to his prayer. Imagination could never be so deeply and almost fearfully stirred in the walled-in make-believe of the theatre of to-day.

There are other differences between the art of the outdoor and that of the indoor theatre. The actor outdoors must paint his portrait with broader strokes. Some of those who saw Salvini as Œdipus Tyrannus in the amphitheatre at Fiesole said that he ranted. Perhaps they were right. Perhaps that is what ranting is—outdoor playing. In order to carry across the space that separates the actor from his audience a rather violently physical expression must be given to the emotions. Subtleties of expression or repression would be completely lost.

Another point about acting in an amphitheatre is that the acting space is large and varied. The actor must play not only on the portico, but on the wide flight of steps leading down from it,

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Francisque Sarcey, in *Le Figaro,* said:

"Here is a book which is talked of a great deal. I think it is not talked of enough, for it is one of the prettiest dramas of real life ever related to the public. Must I say that well-informed people affirm the letters of the man, true or almost true, hardly arranged, were written by Guy de Maupassant?

"I do not think it is wrong to be so indiscreet. One must admire the feminine delicacy with which the letters were reinforced, if one may use this expression. I like the book, and it seems to me it will have a place in the collection, so voluminous already, of modern ways of love."

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and on the ground lying between portico and chorus pit—almost an acre of space.

At times during the action of Œdipus, Salvini ran from between the high gray walls, that formed the wings, down the steps and across the wide foreground in a mad attempt to escape from the horror which always pursued him. Or with arms outstretched he staggered backward up the steps and fell against one of the old gray pillars moaning. The women of the piece, not so demonstrative, carried out their acting in statuesque poses.

Meanwhile, in that strange air of Italy, not a note or inflection of the voices was lost. The lines were spoken in strong, clear tones, but were not shouted, yet each word shot up to the listeners on the rising tiers of seats direct and distinct. C. I. D.

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The Author at a First Night

(*Continued from page vii*)

tearing at his work, with a wildly hysterical stage director helping the havoc along from the first entrance. The author goes because he can't stay away. If some near and dear relative of yours were to undergo a dangerous surgical operation, wouldn't you want to be close at hand, even if you could not bear to look at the operating table? The dramatic author goes to the theatre in much the same spirit—only, he always watches the operation, squeaking with pain at every move of the scalpel, especially when the instrument slips, as it is doing continually at most first nights of a new play."

"Well, I don't know," observed the Unproduced Dramatist with a little sigh of envy. "If I had as big a success as this of yours I don't think I should much mind an occasional slip. If there have been any slips to-night they don't seem to have hurt anything. On the whole, I should say this performance is a splendid one. To me it appears to be practically perfect."

"If you were the author you'd know better. I can see a hundred places where changes have been made, and always to the detriment of the play. Why——"

But at this instant another successful playwright slapped him on the back in an excess of good-fellowship, and said heartily:

"I congratulate you, my boy. You have a great play, and I never saw a better company. They are a magnificent bunch of actors. Each one has got right under the skin of his part, and the dialogue is done admirably. You read the script to me a few weeks ago, you remember; so I am able to judge. Those people give it just as you did. They seem to *feel* what they say, and all the subtleties in the lines are most skillfully brought out. That is saying something, for you are great on subtleness in your dialogue, you know."

"Do you really think the company is all right?" asked the Successful Playwright, with a rather sheepish glance at the Unproduced Dramatist.

"Do I?" chirped the other successful playwright. "Of course I do. And everyone is saying the same thing. For a first night I never saw such a splendid performance. You rehearsed them yourself, didn't you?"

"No. Blank did it, and——"

"Well, I thought you'd coached them personally, for they've got you on a hair-trigger, both in lines and 'business.'"

The Successful Playwright lighted another cigarette.

"Is that so? I was a little doubtful. I always am, it seems to me."

"Of course you are. So am I, at my own openings. It's nervousness. We're all alike. Why don't you stay away from your first nights, old man?"

"Why don't you?" retorted the Successful Playwright.

"Because I can't."

"All the same there'll be a rehearsal in the morning," muttered the Successful Playwright, half to himself, as they all went into the theatre to see the fourth act, "And *I'll* be there." G. C. J.

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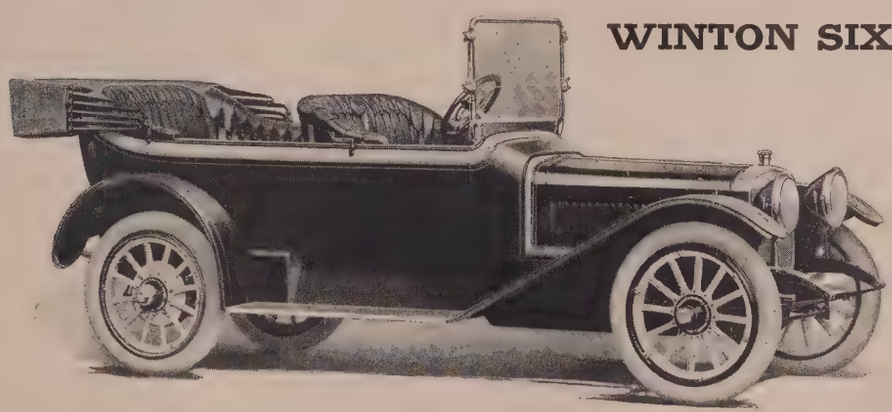

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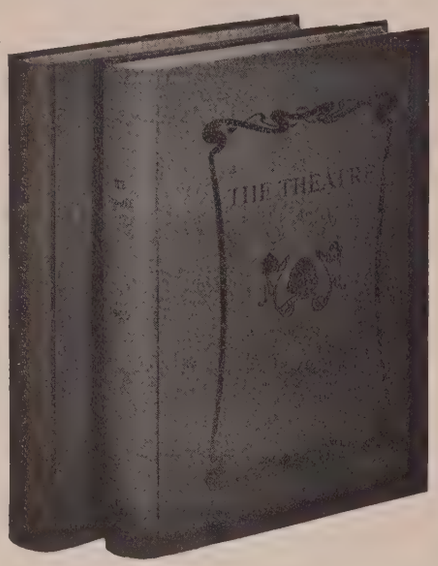

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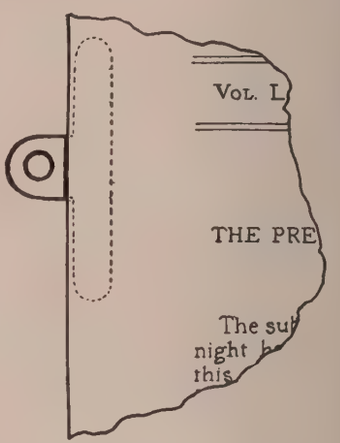

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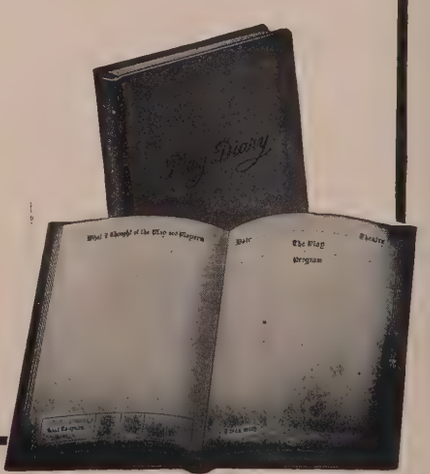

Most Successful Operetta

(*Continued from page* 18)

but with a percentage of the profits. The artistic rendition by Miss Pauline Hall of the entrancing lullaby intrenched itself so thoroughly in the hearts of her admirers, that, by actual count, she sang it more than six thousand times.

General William T. Sherman was an inveterate Casino habitué, and on one occasion I told him that I had recently invited General U. S. Grant, who inquired what was playing. When I answered that it was a musical show called "Erminie," the General answered: "I'll wait until you play a drama or a comedy, I don't care for musical shows." General Sherman then informed me that he accounted for that in this way. "During the war the almost continuous rattle of horses' hoofs, caissons, gun carriages and wagons of various kinds, and the beats on the drums and other weird sounds had evidently imbedded themselves so thoroughly in General Grant's ear that he had conceived a veritable dislike for music. It's different with me," continued General Sherman; "I could listen and enjoy *When Love Is Young, All for Glory* and the *Lullaby* a hundred times."

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In the July 15th Vogue are all the perennial interests of Summer—life in the smart watering places and in smaller villages away from the fashionable highroads.

In the August 1st Vogue you will find suggestions for the woman who motors, rides, swims, plays outdoor games and goes into the forest. Also the first intimation of the Autumn fashions that are to be.

Wherever you go this Summer, make sure before leaving that you are to get your Vogue right through the Summer. Whether you go where society is, or to some quieter spot for rest—Vogue is exactly the connecting link that you will most want to maintain.

Vogue, 443 Fourth Ave., New York

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Twice a month

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24 numbers

A unique and exquisite feature of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE is the Fashion Department. Do not fail to read the suggestions and pointers of our Fashion Editor, an authority of both continents.

Why My First Play Was a Success

ELEANOR GATES has accomplished the unprecedented and what persons who use the word scorned of Napoleon deemed impossible. With her first play she attained metropolitan success.

Why? She told me in a bijou apartment overlooking Central Park, the location and furnishings of which spelled success, told me while her cheeks glowed from a motoring trip—and motoring trips for which you yourself pay—bear also the initials of success.

Miss Gates, who tells you frankly that she is thirty-seven and humanly enjoys your look of surprise that she is more than thirty, sat forward in her chair, tilted a determined looking chin, and talked with unusual force and directness for a woman, a force and directness that betoken an honest mind and fearlessness, without ambition for diplomatic achievement.

Photo Ira L. Hill ELEANOR GATES
Author of "The Poor Little Rich Girl"

"I think the play captured metropolitan fancy because it was about a child. Every normal person likes children and everyone who likes them is interested in their lives. A second reason, I believe, is that it visualized, and made a story of, the the figures that are large in a child's life, as examples, the doctor, the policeman and the organ grinder. All children have a delicious terror of these three persons. They are fascinated by them, and reverting to our own childhood it entertains us to see those persons figuring as they might have done in our lives. A third reason, in my opinion, is that the play is different and everybody seeks the different. New York, I understand, pursues the different with more zest than does any other city.

"That is my analysis of the play's success, but as to what led to it, the story is a longer one. The idea of the play had been growing in my mind for ten years. I had been thinking about it, making notes of it. There was a fat envelope full of them. I had first thought of embodying the king's English—which my mother used to talk of my 'murdering,' until he actually took form to me and I regarded myself as a slayer of a human being—and other figures of childhood, in a play. The idea of a rich child neglected by her rich parents had also been in my mind. One day I welded them, so to speak, married them. I used them in a book. Mr. Arthur Hopkins read the proofs of the book and gave me an order for a play. I wrote the first act in seventeen days. The second I wrote in twenty-one days, and the last, and Mr. Hopkins says that is unquestionably the best, in fifty-two hours.

"I had always thought in plays and always intended to write plays. But when we were graduated from the University of California, Richard Tully, whom I married, elected to write plays and I said, 'I will write books and articles for the magazines.' I have been writing for eleven years. I began at twenty-six."

"No woman has anything worth writing before she is twenty-five," I interposed.

"Perhaps not," smiled Miss Gates. "My first book, 'The Autobiography of a Prairie Girl,' was published the year I was twenty-six. I wrote five other books, the last, "The Poor Little Rich Girl,' and many magazine articles in those eleven years. I have always been fortunate enough to write for the better class of magazines. I have never written pot boilers, though I have had to do pot boiling. The difference is that while I had to keep the pot boiling many times I always did my best.

"My preparation for playwrighting? I had been studying plays for twelve years. I had seen all the plays I could, especially the failures. I wanted to know why they failed and I think I learned why."

"A great many theatrical managers would like to know."

"There is always something basically wrong in the play that fails. It may not be reasonable. Or it may break off in the middle, leaving off one story and beginning to tell another. I had experimented in an amateur play when I wrote 'The Gentle Miss Gillette' for the University of California production and I had helped to doctor plays. None of my husband's plays, but plays were sent him to see what could be done with them, and we discussed them and worked on them and people said they were better for the treatment.

"I see the question that is in your mind and I am going to answer it. It is only fair to me that it be answered. Why didn't I write plays before? I have had three well in mind besides this one, only waiting to be written, which is the smallest part of it. I held back because I wanted to give my husband the chance for the family. He wrote 'The Rose of the Rancho' in collaboration with David Belasco. He wrote 'The Bird of Paradise.' I said, 'Now it is my turn.'

Miss Gates does not create a character with any certain player in mind, but once the character has taken definite form and shape in her mind she seeks the player that corresponds to her mental picture of the physical peculiarities of the character. The people of her plays, in other words, are real people to her. She sees them as such. "I know how tall they are," she said, "and whether they are blondes or brunettes, stout or slender. I know what kind of voices they have, how they dress and how they 'carry' themselves.

"In November a new play of mine will be seen. It is another whimsy—I have chosen whimsy because it is a less trodden path. Others have written of the triangle. I shall avoid the sex play. There will be nine children in it. Yet it is a play, too, for grown-ups. After the opening of that play I shall go to London to see the London production of 'The Poor Little Rich Girl.'"

No mother's eyes ever glowed with a greater joy in watching her first infant than Eleanor Gates' when she spoke of her first play. No one can ever truthfully say of her that she has not enjoyed to the full the taste of her success.

"What do you deduce from your experience as a playwright?" I asked.

"That to succeed you must love the thing you do, and must want to do it more than anything else in the world, and you must put all your ginger into it.

"I don't know whether my next play will be a success, but it has been very good to know that this is.

"I don't know its name. The name has to come. I am having difficulty about the title. 'The Poor Little Rich Girl' did not come at first."

ADA PATTERSON.

SUMMER APPAREL

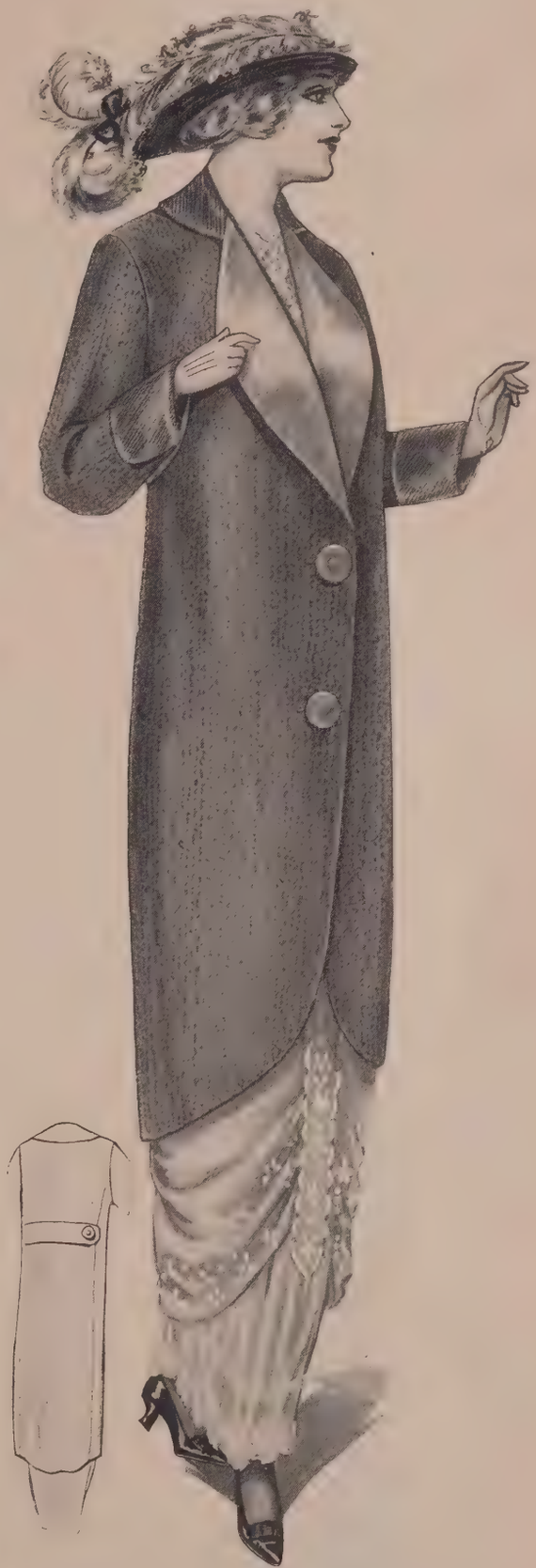
(The best models shown in the New York shops.)

On this and the following pages are shown smart costumes and accessories of the toilette for the various social functions of the summer. They have been selected by a fashion expert who made a systematic tour of the shops in New York. After comparing hundreds of models, she chose the ones reproduced here because she considered them the best values from the viewpoint of style, price and practicability.

—A charming, cool-looking frock of voile or tissue gingham in black, navy blue, pink, or lavender stripe on a white background, with collar and cuffs of white crêpe voile embroidered in black or Oriental colorings. The drapery in front and the Directoire arrangement of the stripes in the back make the skirt very effective. This frock is a bargain at $6.75.

C.—This practical white crêpe voile blouse is just the model for golf or tennis, or to wear in the morning with the tailored skirt. It has a collar, cuffs, and a conveniently placed pocket on the left sleeve, of ratine voile. The price is $2.95. The skirt of imported white cordeline is just as practical because it fastens down the front with pearl buttons which may be unbuttoned to procure greater width. The back is tucked and belted. The price ($3.95) is remarkably low.

D.—The mountain climber, or the girl who goes in for any strenuous sport, will find comfort and freedom in this suit of natural linen or khaki which sells for $16.50. The short skirt displays two rows of buttons and a pocket under the coat.



B.—A fine wool éponge coat is a necessity in the summer, though it seldom can be purchased as low as $16.75. This model may be bought in black, tan, blue, gray, rose, and white, with collar and cuffs of bengaline to match. The cutaway effect in the front and the strap at the back are generally becoming features.

Names of shops where the costumes shown on this page may be purchased will be furnished on request.
Address THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, *8 West 38th Street, New York City.*

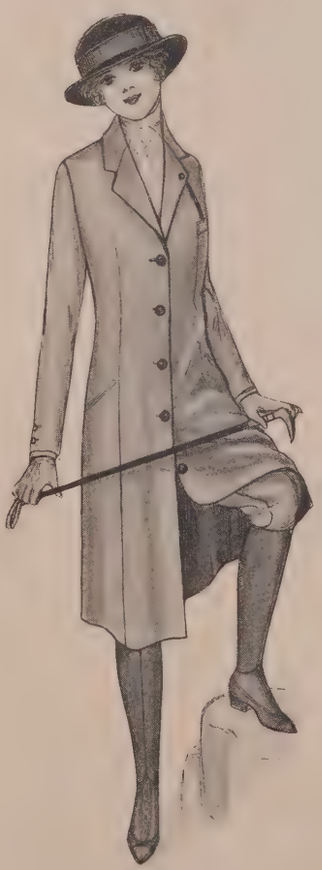
Chic Costumes for Playtime

E.—A fetching beach gown of imported self-striped crêpe cloth. There is a vest of figured batiste which extends to the waist line, and a collar and cuffs of hemstitched white crêpe. Such a frock can be easily tubbed, and is always pretty and cool looking on a hot morning. It is reasonably priced at $16.50.

F.—A simple crêpe de chine blouse in white or black. It is shirred from the yoke in the front, and has a pointed collar which is very becoming. This model sells for $5.75.
The white washable éponge skirt is a two-piece model, fastening a little to one side with large pearl buttons. It has a double patch pocket, and is belted in the back. The price is $3.95.

G.—A trig sport coat which may be bought in éponge or chinchilla. It comes in fascinating colorings, a bright green, natier blue, the soft leather tone, pheasant, and the conventional black and white. There are one large patch pocket, large buttons, and the new raglan shoulders. It is of particularly good value at $18.

H—The sport coats of French cretonne are as decorative as they are novel, with collar and cuffs of plain linen in contrasting shades, and sell for $9.75.
The white washable éponge skirt is a two-piece model, opening at either side of the front with crocheted buttons, and sells for $5.95. *The sport hat to match the coat sells for* $2.95.



I.—The coat and breeches are now the accepted habit for riding in the country. They can be procured in the natural, white, Jasper, or black and white checked Irish linen crash, also the cravenetted khaki which defies even the hardest rain. The women's and the misses' habits sell for the same price, i.e., $18.50.

J.—A smart frock of foulard for the Casino. The skirt is made becoming to even large figures by the simple overskirt of the material. The Marie Antoinette fichu trims the waist most effectively. A tiny bow of colored crêpe finishes the neck and heads the plaited ruche with buttons of the crêpe. This frock is a bargain at $14.50.

Names of shops where the costumes shown on this page may be purchased will be furnished on request.
Address THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, *8 West 38th Street, New York City.*

Facts Worth Knowing

We will gladly answer any inquiry, giving names of shops where these articles are shown or sold. Address THEATRE MAGAZINE, *8 West 38th Street, New York.*

THE Summertime is not all playtime for those who desire to appear slender and lithe in the new Fall costumes. Ardently as many of the actresses desire to rest, and the society women, too, for that matter, they know that if they are to wear the smart new frocks in the Fall they must watch closely the figure. The Summer months give just the best opportunity imaginable for reducing, and it can be accomplished in a comparatively simple way. It will not be necessary to deny yourself all the good things which the garden is producing, nor to make a hot day seem even more uncomfortable by exercising strenuously, if you will provide yourself with one of the practical, rubber reducing garments.

The best part of this reducing method is that you can reduce just the part of the body that needs to be relieved of superfluous flesh. If you wish to be smaller in the hips, there is the hip belt for $12; if the bust is too large, the Eton jacket for the same price will soon reduce it to the desired proportions. The union suit for $30 will reduce the entire body.

This method can be recommended with safety if the proper

T.—For tennis; there are various low shoes with rubber soles from which to choose. There are the plain, white buckskin Oxfords at $7.50 *and the fancy Oxfords at* $8.50; *the white canvas at* $5.50, *and the tan Russia leather at* $6.00.

rubber garments are selected. The garments manufactured by one well-known doctor are guaranteed to be perfectly harmless, and are not weakening in the slightest degree. They are fashioned from the purest virgin Para rubber, which is medicated according to a formula of the doctor's. The idea is that by wearing these garments you can induce a profuse perspiration which stimulates circulation and eliminates the waste products through the pores. Not only can the flesh be reduced, but rheumatism and skin diseases can be relieved in the same way. The doctor is always very glad to answer questions in regard to her garments, and will help you to select the garment to "do the trick."

To Soothe the Skin

The jolliest day in the open may be spoiled by sunburn. This warning does not mean that you should swathe yourself in veils, and thus lose all the benefits of the fresh air and the sunshine which Mother Nature so generously showers on all those who seek them, but it does mean that you should be prepared against the pains of sunburn. It surely takes only a few minutes of time and a very small sum of money to procure a soothing lotion for the skin. The difficulty lies in finding just the right lotion. There are hundreds of preparations which promise relief from the burning, smarting pain which the too ardent attentions of old

"IN my very low, short-sleeved gowns, I wear Kleinert's Full Dress shape dress shield. It has such a short flap it doesn't show.

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Costumes for the Dance and the Game

P

Q

R

P.—A fetching dancing frock of fine net and shadow lace. The three narrow flounces on the skirt are broken by an effective trimming of white satin ribbon studded with rosebuds. The waist is made very girlish and pretty by the bolero-like arrangement of the shadow lace which opens over a soft vest of net trimmed with the satin rosebuds. The crushed girdle may be of the white satin or of a colored ribbon. This frock will be made to order for the reasonable sum of $35. The only measurements necessary to send are the length of the waist from neck to waist line, the size of the waist, and the length of the skirt.

Q.—The "Regent English Motor Sport Coat" is one of the best-looking models shown this season. It comes in the striking novelty goods and check combinations and in the high millinery shades. There are two large patch pockets, and it fastens with the mushroom silver buttons. The price of $15 is a very reasonable one.

This very well-tailored skirt of antique linen in delft, brown and tan shades is a bargain at $4.75. The high girdle with matched buckles is generally becoming to both large and slender figures.

R.—This charming dancing frock was designed especially for The Theatre Magazine. *It is fashioned from cream colored net and the skirt has the new accordion plaited flounces, the upper headed with a plaited ruche caught with rose and yellow buds. A similar cluster of buds nestles at the side of the soft rose-colored silk girdle which fastens with a square bow in the back. A fichu of the net, edged with a plaited ruche, adds its charm to the corsage of this simple but effective gown. This dress, made to the measurements of the individual, costs only $50. The length of waist from neck to waist line, the size of the waist line, and the length of the skirt are the only measurements necessary to send.*

S

S.—This good-looking sweater for women and misses is of pure worsted with the sailor collar effect. It comes in the usual tan, gray, white and cardinal shades, besides a lovely soft reseda green and an old rose. It is of splendid value at the low price of $4.95.

The men's Shaker knit sweaters are fashioned from pure lamb's wool of medium weight in navy, gray, maroon, white and the pretty heather mixture. They are a little more expensive, selling for $5.85.

NOTE

The Fashion Department *of* The Theatre Magazine *will be very glad to help you shop. The women in this department are experts of good judgment and taste, who know just where to buy the various articles of the wardrobe for the best value. There are shops, for instance, which make a specialty of a certain line of goods; all these shops are known by these experts who have studied thoroughly the different stocks. Through this intimate knowledge of the shops, they can save you time and money. Feel free to ask us for any information you may desire.*

Names of shops where the costumes shown on this page may be purchased will be furnished on request.
Address The Theatre Magazine, *8 West 38th Street, New York City.*

Sol can produce, but there are comparatively few which give the promised relief. There is one, however, which should be included in every travelling kit this Summer.

It is put up under the personal supervision of one of the cleverest women physicians, and it will soothe the most delicate skin. The most irritated surface can be treated with this lotion, and in a few minutes the intense burning sensation will stop. It is not only soothing and refreshing, but it whitens and softens the hands—another important fact, for sunburnt, tanned hands and neck are not beautiful after the carefree Summer days have passed. This fifty-cents' worth of precaution will spare you many hours of pain.

To Ward Off the Kisses of the Sun

The more delicate the skin the more quickly the kisses of the sun will appear as ugly brown spots, known as freckles. While each freckle may mean a happy day on the water or tramping over the golf links, they cannot be regarded collectively as aids to beauty. They certainly do not look well under the unfriendly glare of the limelight. If the skin is treated at once, it is not a difficult undertaking to erase these sun kisses, provided, of course, that a good reliable cream is selected. There is an excellent

U.—The low slippers are necessities in every wardrobe, and several kinds should be included for afternoon and evening. The black kid slippers with the steel buckles cost from $8.50 up; the satin slippers in all colors cost $7.00, with rhinestone buckles at $3.00 and up.

cream compounded from the recipe of a famous English specialist. It should be applied at night and allowed to remain on the skin until morning, so that it may work while the "victim" is roaming in dreamland. It is not an expensive cream, as it sells for $1 a jar.

The results may be accomplished more quickly if the balm cream, prepared by the same clever specialist, is applied on alternate nights. This cream will be found very soothing for sensitive skins and very healing. It comes in jars, which sell for 75 cents and $1.50.

To Erase the Frown

A development for holding the face in a natural position during sleep, or while writing or reading, is the invention of the forehead strap, which has a marvellous effect in that it entirely obliterates the lines on the forehead which constitute a frown. These straps are light, ventilated and beautifully made, and users say they have found them an absolute cure for neuralgia and conducive to sleep.

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Smart Togs for the Bather

K

K.—The "Mado" bathing hat is fashioned from Bulgarian silk in its many gay colorings and there is an inner tight-fitting rubber cap to protect the hair. This hat can be bought for $2.50.

L

L.—The jaunty "Claudine" cap is particularly becoming to the piquant face. It is developed in rubber of various colorings and has two satin quills standing very stiff and very erect in the front. The price is $1.

M

M.—The "Phillis" hat is delightfully girlish and practical as well, for it shades admirably the face and the back of the neck. It is made of white rubberized cloth and has an inner tight-fitting cap of rubber. The selling price is $1.

N 1 2 3

N 1.—The "Biarritz" bathing suit is fashioned from a heavy, soft-finished satin. The skirt displays drapery discreetly used, and the color note is introduced by the collar, the vest, and the crushed girdle of Copenhagen blue silk poplin. This model is also sold in all-black and costs $8.95. The cap of black, navy, purple, and green satin has a narrow white piping, and costs $1.

N 2.—The idea for the "Ostend" bathing suit of heavy, twill crêpe de chine was borrowed from Paris. The skirt is also draped, and the natty bolero jacket fastens over a vest of white silk poplin with trimmings of Bulgarian silk. The same effect is reproduced on the sleeve. This model sells for $18.50. The cap may be bought in the plaid taffeta or in the plain colors, with a double plaited ruche at the face, for $1.95.

N 3.—The "Aix" model in striped black and white twill silk would be very becoming to large women. It can also be secured in the plain navy blue or black messaline with white moiré silk collar and cravat for $5. The Tam o'Shanter cap is fashioned from the striped satin, black and white, or navy blue and white, with two tabs of the material at the side. The price is $2.

O 1.—Bathing shoes which can be bought in canvas for 50c.; in navy or black sateen for 95c. and $1.45, and of satin with silk laces for $1.95.

O 2.—These high-cut bathing shoes in black or white canvas with cotton laces cost 95c.; in black or navy blue sateen with silk laces, $1.95.

O 3.—Bathing shoes of black, navy, or white canvas cost 50c.; of navy or black sateen, 95c.; of black or navy satin, $1.45.

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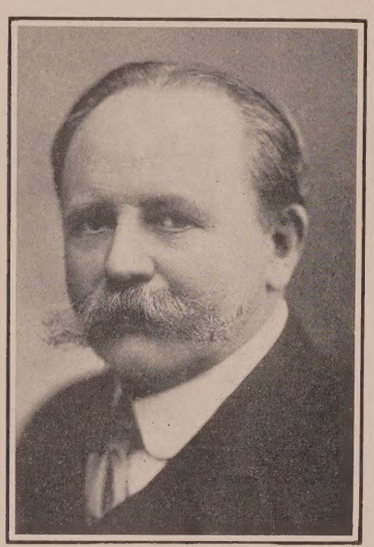
One Year $5.00. (Canadian $5.52, Foreign $6.04.)

A Nineteenth Century "Joseph and His Brethren"

The successful production this season of the spectacular biblical drama, "Joseph and His Brethren," by Louis N. Parker, recalls an earlier play of this exact name by Charles Jeremiah Wells with a very curious history. It is doubtful if any production of note in English literature has had such strange vicissitudes of fame as this earlier drama on Joseph. Published in 1824 by a young man who was a member of that "Cockney School of Poets," the most famous product of which was John Keats, it fell absolutely dead from the press. In 1837, however, Rossetti, the pre-Raphaelite poet, came across the play and immediately began to laud it enthusiastically everywhere. It became a sort of cult for the bright young men of the day, until in 1876 a reprint of it appeared with an introduction by Swinburne. Its reputation thereafter was secure. Wells himself, strange to say, was still living at this time and thus was enabled to enjoy a measure of fame that he must have long ceased to expect.

Wells's drama has many merits. From the literary standpoint, it was declared by Rossetti to be "more Shakesperian than anything else out of Shakespere." Had it been published as a newly discovered Elizabethan play, critics would undoubtedly have ascribed it, in whole or in part, to the hand of the author of "The Midsummer's Night's Dream," and of "Romeo and Juliet." It is full of the tricks of style and the turns of rhythm of the great dramatist. Further, the play is remarkable in that it is one of the few



LOUIS N. PARKER
Author of "Disraeli," "Joseph and His Brethren," etc.

successful representations in dramatic form of a biblical legend. The early miracle plays, the various versions of the David and Bathsheba story by men like George Peele in the sixteenth century and Stephen Phillips in the nineteenth century, and Milton's "Samson Agonistes" are the only obvious exceptions to the statement that it has proved very difficult for most English dramatists to handle a theme from the Bible. There are numerous reasons for this fact. Every biblical theme labors under the disadvantage that it is inevitably associated in the mind of the reader with other than literary and especial emotions. It recalls the religious impressions of childhood and the spiritual struggles of manhood. Moreover, none of the biblical stories is couched in even approximately theatrical form, and the original narrative or lyrical mould in which the events are cast was so powerfully wrought out by the Hebrew craftsman, so tempered and hardened in the crucible of an intense if partially unconscious artistry, that the modern literary workman finds it almost impossible to break up the resisting elements and melt them into any new form. There is, finally, the danger that this same modern craftsman is not always likely to approach his subject with proper sympathy. He will not be moved by the religious fervor that inspired the original text, nor understand the psychological forces that animated the characters therein depicted.

All of these dangers Wells avoided with much grace and effect. He produced in "Joseph and His Brethren" a rendering so thoroughly harmonious with the conceptions all of us have of the magic story of the boy seer that we feel no jar in passing from the biblical text to the modern production. Moreover, he was carefully reminiscent, wherever possible, of the original narrative, and his superb additions dovetail with remarkable nicety into the story as told in Genesis. He was appreciative too of the beautiful piety of the tale, and nothing that he says, no part of the action he describes clashes at all with the religious emotions inspired by the biblical narrative. Yet the play is by no means merely a mechanical recast of the Bible story. His novel and rich version, with its striking new speeches and action, contains much not hinted at in the original and much new characterization that is all Wells's own.

The play of Wells, like that of Parker, is largely a pageant. There are picturesque pastoral scenes; a scene in which the caravan of the swarthy Egyptians, "yellow as their gold," appears; a scene in the prison wherein Joseph lies confined; a scene in Pharaoh's court; a scene showing Canaan in the midst of famine, and the like. But in other scenes the intensely dramatic rather than the picturesque appears. Such are the scene in which Phraxanor—for so Wells calls the wife of Potiphar—tempts Joseph with magnificent passion, and the scene in the vale of Goshen in which Joseph and Jacob meet again with a happiness so great as almost to be pain. The most powerful creation of the play is the character of Phraxanor, of whom Swinburne said that she compared only with Shakespere's Cleopatra. She stands out as a superb creature, overpoweringly, vital and dramatic. The sons of Jacob are sharply characterized, and Jacob himself is a striking figure. The language of the play has already been spoken of. Probably herein lies its greatest merit. Again and again the lines approach the very height of poetic style, and certain passages, like the famous description by Reuben of the beauty of Rachel, have become classical. The speeches of Phraxanor again stand out by reason of their force and beauty.

It seems unquestionable that Mr. Parker is not unindebted to his predecessor. He has studied, not inaptly, the pastoral scenes in particular and the character of Phraxanor. In many respects, his play is better suited to the stage than that of Wells; it contains much more of the true virus of the drama. His handling of Simeon's character surpasses that of Wells's; his Joseph just out of prison is a striking figure unequalled in the older author; and he has managed his suspense throughout more curiously than his precursor. It is noteworthy that two such successful adaptations of a biblical story should centre around the same figure. It is quite probable that the fascinating story of Joseph with its dramatic shifts and sudden crises, will always attract the skilful artisans of the theatre.

MAX J. HERZBERG.

THE NEW PLAYS

NEW AMSTERDAM. "MY LITTLE FRIEND." Musical farce in two acts; from the German of Willner and Stein; American adaptation by Harry B. Smith and lyrics by Robert B. Smith; music by Oscar Straus. Produced on May 19th with this cast:

Count Artois, Fred Walton; Fernand, Craufurd Kent; Barbasson, William Pruette; Mme. Barbasson, Edith Sinclair; Claire, Juanita Fletcher; Louison, Reba Dale; Philine, Leila Hughes; Saturnin, Charles Angelo; Mouchon, Harry Macdonough; Dr. La Fleur, Lionel Hogarth; Margot, Mattie Martz; Piperlin, H. Macdonough, Jr.; Gaby, Marcie Lawson; Paulette, Hallie de Young; Dr. Calineau, R. M. Simson; Mme. Calineau, Grace Bishop; Mayor of Mironville, Maurice Cass; De Polichard, Harry Nelson; Mme. De Polichard, Cora Williams; Baron DuBois, Harold Merriam; Baroness DuBois, Helen Gilmore; Mme. De Bergerac, Violet McKay; Col. De Bergerac, Harry Lang.

The tendency in comic opera production to return to consistent form in story and plot is marked. The result is that we are having saner entertainments of the kind. It doesn't matter how trivial the story, it is better than no story at all. Often enough that about which the action is concerned is slight and the music substantial. Nor does it matter that most of these acceptable recent productions are adapted from foreign sources. This only means that other energies and capacities are applied to something that is already good. "My Little Friend" comes as a happy result from this combination of circumstances and energies. The original book was written by Willner and Stein, the American adaptation by Harry B. Smith. The lyrics are by Robert B. Smith and the music by Oscar Straus, whose charming work in "The Chocolate Soldier" and "The Waltz Dream" is assurance enough of its quality. The musical part of the entertainment is so strong that criticism of a weak passage or two in the dramatic part of the production would be to little purpose. The dramatic part of "My Little Friend" is often extravagant and farcical. An impecunious Count (with a son, and self-made millionaire with a daughter, arrange to make their children marry without previously consulting them or questioning them if they were free to give themselves to the bargain. The son has already made his choice and presently marries in secret. The girl has bestowed her heart according to her own fancy. It is from this state of affairs that the complications begin. The advantage of a well-ordered story is that the people in it are characters. Thus Mr. Fred Walton has his opportunity in the part of an old nobleman who is most in need of money, an embarrassing and amusing condition of affairs for a pampered aristocrat who cannot comfortably breathe without it, and who will resort to any sacrifice of pride, while pretending to maintain his pride, in order to get it. Mr. Pruette was artistic in the rôle of a self-made millionaire, ignorant and socially ambitious. Miss Leila Hughes, capitally efficient in the light comedy part and delightful in her songs, was piquant as the Girl of the Florist shop secretly married to the dashing and adventurous son of the aristocrat. Crauford Kent, the son of the nobleman; Miss Reba Dale, the companion of the secretly married girl, and Maud Gray, the daughter of the vulgar millionaire, were conspicuous in a cast that was satisfactory.

FORTY-FOURTH STREET ROOF GARDEN. "ALL ABOARD." Musical comedy in two acts. Book by Mark Swan, lyrics by E. Ray Goetz, music by E. Ray Goetz and Malvin Franklin. Produced on June 5th with this cast:

Jan Van Haan, Lew Fields; Captain of the ship, Lawrence D'Orsay; Marime Sinkavitch, Zoe Barnett; Dick, Carter DeHaven; Mary, Flora Parker-DeHaven; Hook, Nat Fields; Alice Brown, Venita FitzHugh; Tillie Whiteway, Dolly Connelly; Mrs. Van Haan, Marcie Harris; Mr. Smooth, Stephen Maley; Mr. Ruff, Ralph Riggs; Purser, Juan Villasana; Mr. Scott, Arthur Hartley; Jones, James Grant; A Bridegroom, Malcolm Grindell; Robinson, Arthur Hartley; Nancey Lee, George W. Monroe; Russell, Will Philbrick; Fourth Mate, Olin Howland; Carmen, Natalie Holt.

Lew Fields' lastest offering "All Aboard" is a capital summer show, and well deserves the good business it is doing at the comfortable and attractive roof garden atop the new Forty-fourth Street Theatre.

Jan Van Haan, an old sailor, wishes above all else to become a captain of an ocean vessel. Upon hearing of his ambition, two men sell him a worthless captain's certificate for $100—all he possesses. Going to the pier he learns that he has been buncoed. The disappointed sailor falls asleep and dreams that he is captain of a ship visiting all the important portions of the globe. When he awakes, he finds that he is still on the pier.

The part of the sailor offers Lew Fields exceptional opportunities. He scored a great hit in the suffragette sketch "When Women Rule," Zoe Barnett and George W. Monroe giving the star excellent support. The costumes, designed by Melville Ellis, are handsome and numerous, and the scenery all that the most exacting could ask for.

The Hunt for Plays

While a considerable amount of sympathy is being lavished on the "unknown playwright" who raises the complaint, loudly and periodically, that theatrical managers decline to receive him or his wares, the fact is overlooked apparently that a more equitable distribution of the sentiment would include some of the most prominent players of the American stage. If the "unknown playwright" encounters obstacles and difficulties in getting his script before the producer the players—who are widely known—find even greater difficulty in obtaining suitable plays. The author, with all the confidence of youth and ambition, has something to sell. The player, with years of experience behind him, needs what the former has to market. Singularly enough, though, the two fail to get together.

And naturally enough the question arises as to whether the fault rests with the one or the other or with neither, but instead with the producer. One can readily name a dozen prominent actors and actresses who need plays, to say nothing of the host of less conspicuous players, and any producer of prominence can probably read off a list of a hundred writers who believe they are dramatists. But while the demand exists neither the "unknown playwright" nor the known dramatist, either, for that matter, is meeting it. The late Clyde Fitch was fond of remarking that he never knew a demand to exist without a supply arising to fill it—"in the drama," he added pointedly, "as well as in breakfast foods."

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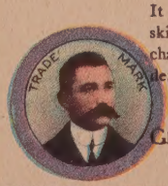

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